

SATAN.

King of the Infernal Empire, and President of the "Consolidated Penal Industries" of his realm.

THROUGH HELL

WITH

HIPRAH HUNT



A Series of Pictures and Notes of Travel Illustrating the
Adventures of a Modern Dante in the Infernal Regions

Also Other Pictures of the Same Subterranean World

BY

ARTHUR YOUNG



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MDCCCCI.

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NOTE.

This volume contains seventy sketches and a dozen full-page pictures now printed for the first time. It also includes most of the drawings originally published in "Hell-up-to-Date." Others were published in the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," and a few were printed in the New York "Evening Journal" and "Judge." Acknowledgment is due the Editors of the publications mentioned for permission to reprint them in book form.

READ THIS FIRST.

The hero of this hazardous exploration through Hell is **Hiprah Hunt**, a lecturer, reformer, ex-preacher, poet and president of a Dante Club.

Hiprah Hunt has no tolerance for the modern philosophy that denies the existence of Hell. As a preacher he was what men of the present day call a "back number."

Despite "higher criticism" he continually and earnestly advocates the justice of future punishment, and for this reason is known in the town where he lives as "Hell-fire Hunt."

Not unlikely his belief in a Demon-haunted Hell ruled over by a personal Devil is in part due to atavism, for Mr. Hunt is a descendant of the illustrious Hunts who lent their aid to the extermination of witches in that part of New England where witchcraft once flourished.

As President of a Dante Club he collected many books on the subject of future retribution. Among them (some 80 volumes) he chiefly prizes Dante's *Inferno*. Whenever he is given an opportunity he will deliver a lecture on Dante and his work. In short, Hell books have so thoroughly absorbed his mind that he becomes convinced that the under-world is as much a reality as the upper one.

As a result of continual thinking on one subject, and that subject a hot one, it was frequently hinted that Mr. Hunt's brains were shrivelling up. Whether that is true or not, **he became imbued with the idea that he must find the Infernal Regions and prove to the world that the place is not a myth.**

In the Fall of 1900 Mr. Hunt mysteriously disappeared from home. For six weeks nothing was seen or heard of him. When he returned he set to work immediately and wrote a poem consisting of sixty-eight cantos of blank verse, curiously mixed with prose, quotations and numerous foot-notes. **This poem, he declares, is the account of a six weeks' journey through Hell.**

Mr. Hunt's original manuscript which is in possession of the writer, together with odd charts, maps, diagrams and thermometric records, all of them bearing marks of having come from a very hot region, are strong proofs of the authenticity of his exploration.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that the author has taken many liberties with Mr. Hunt's text. The condition of the documents necessitated certain guess-work, and he has freely added a number of *Inferno* pictures that were drawn long before Hiprah Hunt's valuable papers came to his notice.

If he has illuminated the dark and serious subject with a suspicion of fun—it is meant to convey the hope he feels for all sinners like himself, that some relief of a slightly humorous nature may be found even in Hell.

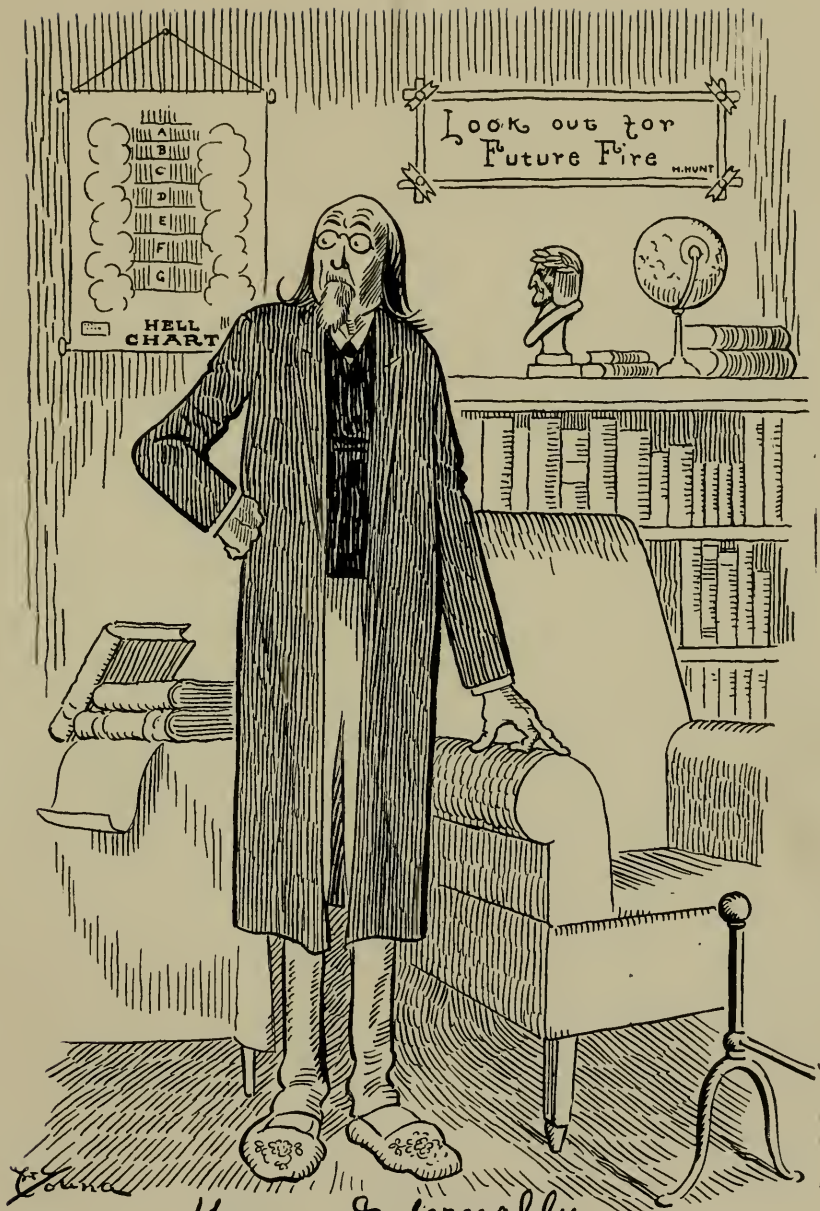
A. Y.

THERE are many portraits of Dante giving a more soulfully poetic cast to his countenance and which are much more pleasing for admirers of the great Florentine, to look upon, than the one reproduced here ; but this is the first portrait ever published which is intended to portray the way the poet must really have felt at the termination of his trip through the Infernal Regions.



A PORTRAIT of Hiprah Hunt in his library which contains the following well-thumbed books: John Bunyan's "Sighs from Hell," Jonathan Edwards's pamphlet on "The Justice of Endless Punishment," Christopher Love's "Hell's Terror," William Cooper's "Three Discourses Concerning the Reality, the Extremity, and the Absolute Eternity of Hell Punishments," Jeremy Taylor on "Pains of Hell," and Alexander Jephson's "The Certainty and Importance of a Future Judgment and Everlasting Retribution."

Besides these he possesses several histories of the Devil and many old prints pertaining to the same subject.



Yours Infernally
Hiprah Hunt.

CANTO I.

IN the beginning Mr. Hunt tells how he passed the day in a large city where he delivered his unique lecture on Dante, and spent the rest of his time sight-seeing and searching for literature on his favorite subject.

Tired and confused with the busy scenes and active incidents of the day, he is returning by night train to his home. As usual, when traveling, he reads his *Divine Comedy*. He has not read far when he is overcome by a sense of drowsiness. Sleepily, he reviews the events of the day in the bustling city while musing over the gruesome scenes in his book. What with the thoughts of high buildings, cable cars, of arch-heretics in their fiery tombs, slot machines, automobiles and gibbering ghosts, of swift-running elevators and headless spirits, of well-dressed gamblers and "Adam's evil brood" at large, his mind is truly in a chaotic state.



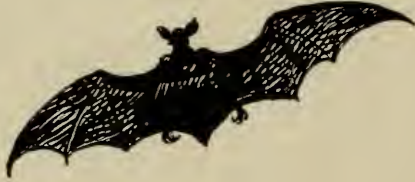


DISORDERED MUSINGS.

CANTO II.

AN irresistible impulse prompts him to walk to the rear platform of the car. A sudden lurch of the train as it turns round a curve in the track and he finds himself lying prone by the road side.

On either hand there stretches a boundless forest of the wildest desolation. Overhead a ghostly night wind ploughs through the tree tops and wails and sobs like a lost spirit. Amidst a whizzing of invisible bats and the hoots of melancholy owls, he struggles to his feet. Combing the gravel out of his long locks he sets forth in a southeasterly direction.





SOMETHING HAPPENED.

CANTO III.

THROUGH briars and bushes, over prickly plants and vines that are laced together like a tangled mass of serpents in the innermost recesses of deep chasms and black ravines, he stumbles toward the Unseen. When his emotions have abated he finds himself alone in the heart of a forest, where trees are so thickly crowded that the air is dense and hard to breathe.

Finally, he comes to a projecting precipice from which he peers and discerns a dim light through the sluggishly rising smoke. As he crawls lower he hears voices, and a great commotion. An odor of burning brimstone fills the air. He swings out from an overhanging rock and allows himself to drop.





ON THE WAY DOWN.

CANTO IV.

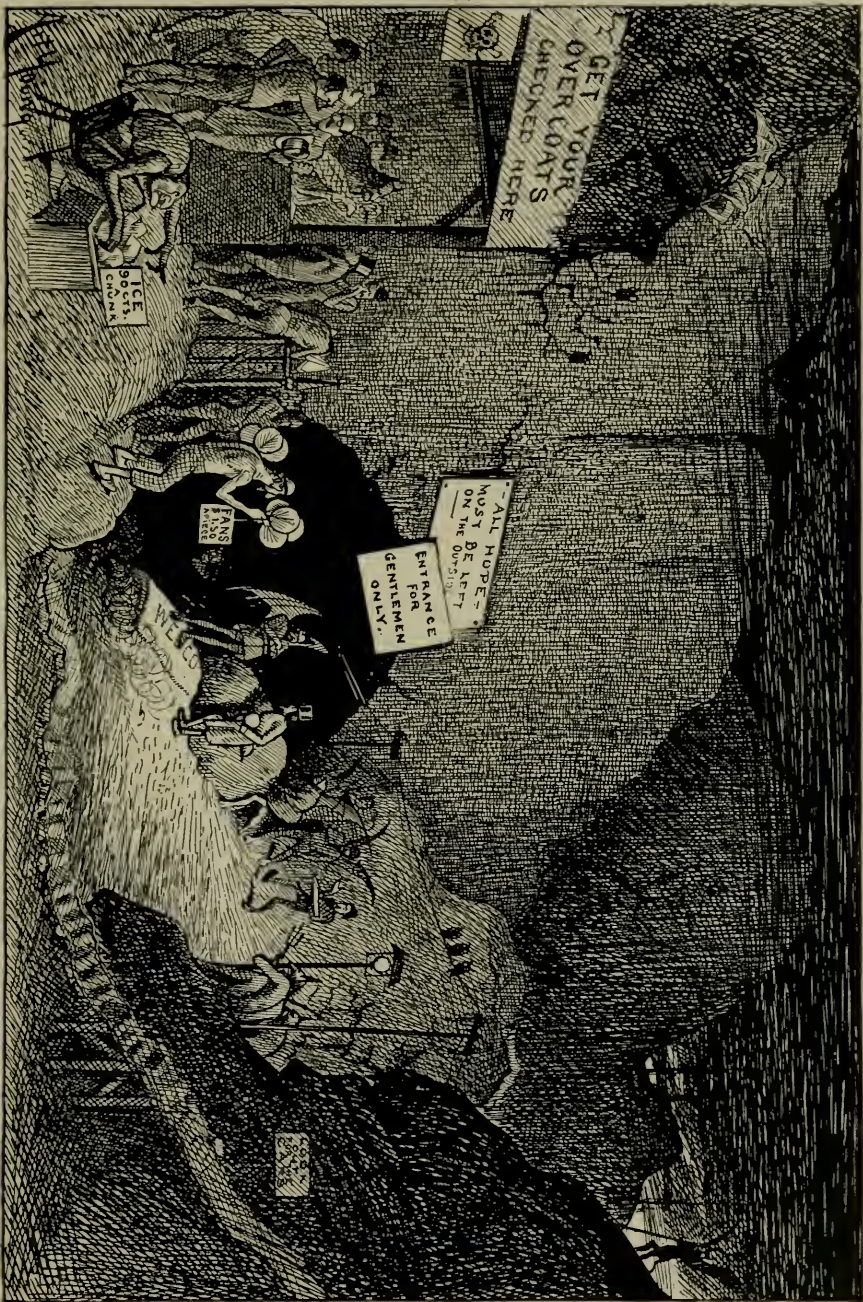
HIPRAH HUNT is at the American entrance to Hell. He stands amidst a throng of Demons, sinners and employees of the realm. Crowds of men are getting overcoats checked and buying fans. He buys one himself, and also secures a guide book, locating the different sections and departments. He sees over the portal's lofty arch the words "Leave all hope on the outside." This demand he will not entirely accede to. He retains a little, thinking he may need it later on.

Because Mr. Hunt shows no evidence of having died, the goblin custodian who watches the entrance will not allow him to pass. Mr. Hunt does not deny that he is alive, but explains that he is about the only prominent champion of future punishment living and deserves special consideration.

He further argues that inasmuch as Dante was admitted without question through the Italian entrance, he ought to be granted an equal privilege on the American side.

The goblin, after a lengthy telephone consultation, withdraws his objection, and Mr. Hunt proceeds.



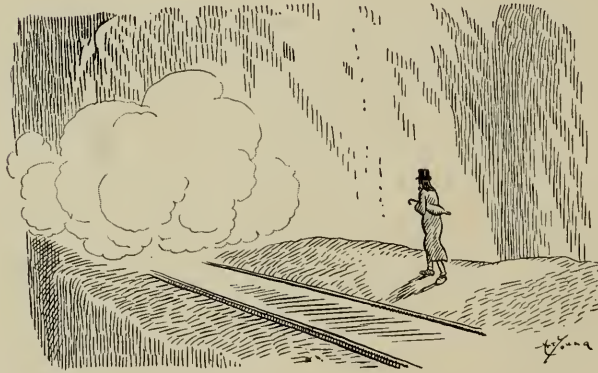


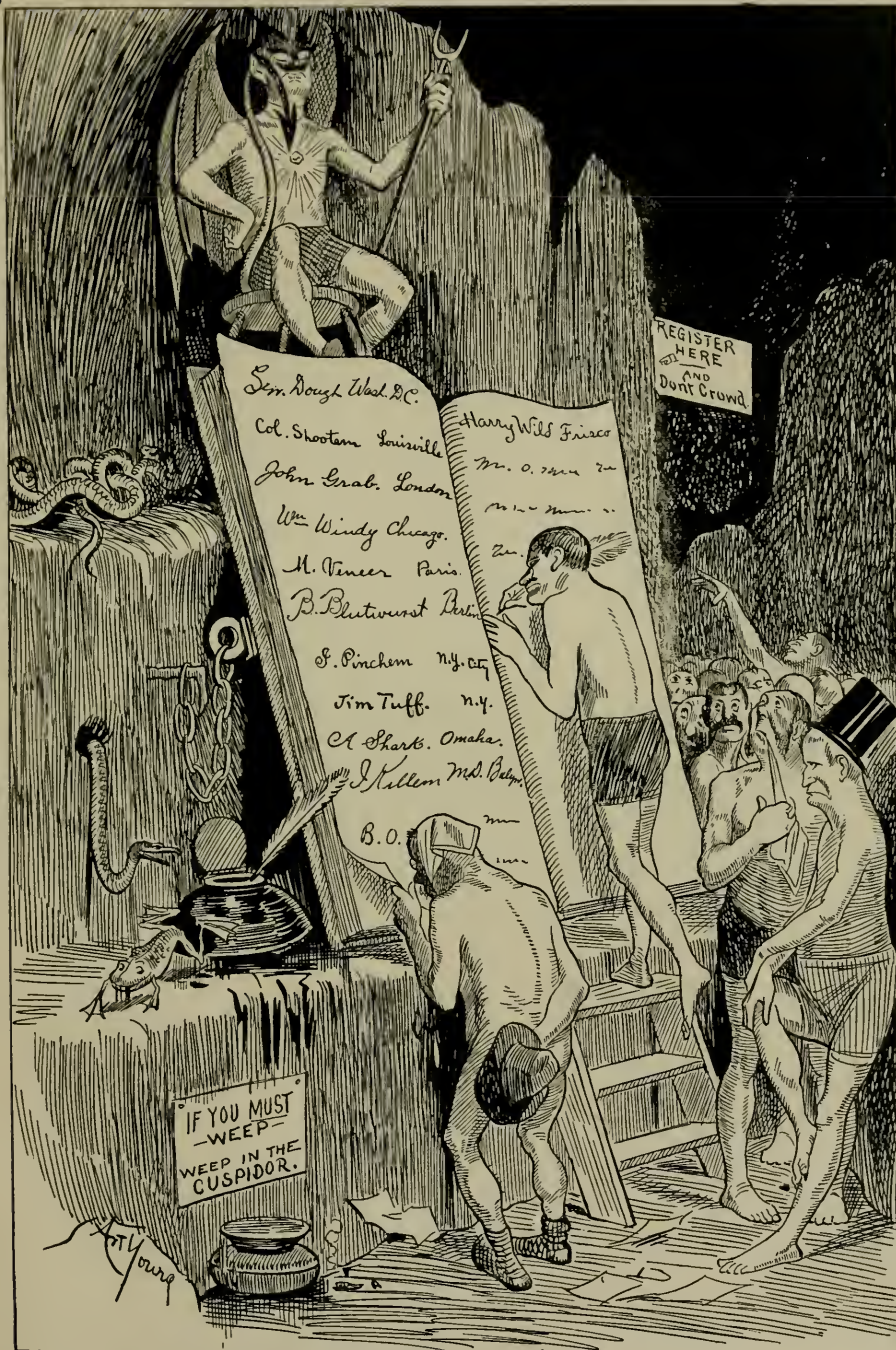
THE AMERICAN ENTRANCE.

CANTO V.

ON passing through the long entrance corridor Mr. Hunt hears a low mutter as of thunder, which grows louder as he advances.

A train load of souls comes screaming through the gloom. In the distance he sees the train cross a bridge and eventually come to a stop. The passengers step out and are driven to a place of registration. Here they write their names and addresses in a large book.





COMPELLED TO REGISTER.

CANTO VI.

COMING out of the cavern, spoken of in the preceding Canto, the explorer crosses the distant bridge and enters another densely wooded region. Here he finds the souls of those who are not quite bad enough to be punished severely, but are allowed to exist "desiring without hope." He is approached by shrouded spirits who describe themselves as a school of poets, and instantly recalling how Dante in his peregrinations ran across Homer, he enquires for that worthy.

He learns that this is quite another group to that in which the ancient bard moves. These are the unworthies who spent their time on earth writing bad poetry when they would have been better engaged sawing wood or washing dishes.





CONFIRMED WRITERS OF BAD POETRY.

CANTO VII.

IN the same vicinity Mr. Hunt finds a soul chained to a rock, wearing a heavy sheet-iron dunce cap.

This is the man who was fond of playing jokes on others, but who was wont to become furious when the joke was on himself. The explorer asks him a few questions and passes on, leaving the captive strangely perplexed.





A JOKE ON A JOKER.

CANTO VIII.

MR. HUNT reaches the boundary of the forest and finds himself overlooking a vast arena in which as far down as he can see there reigns a scene of wild activity.

The picture on the opposite page was drawn from a crude and indistinct diagram made by Mr. Hunt. The artist does not vouch for the correctness of every detail in the drawing, having restored many signs and placards which in Mr. Hunt's original were almost obliterated.



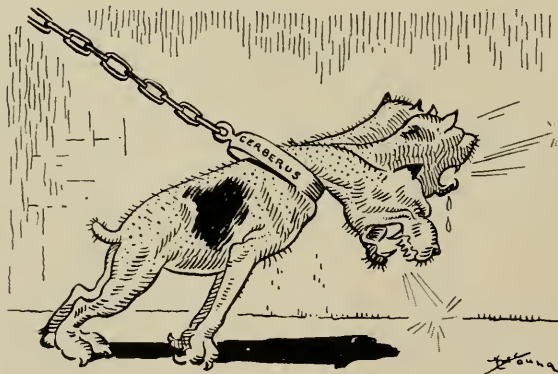


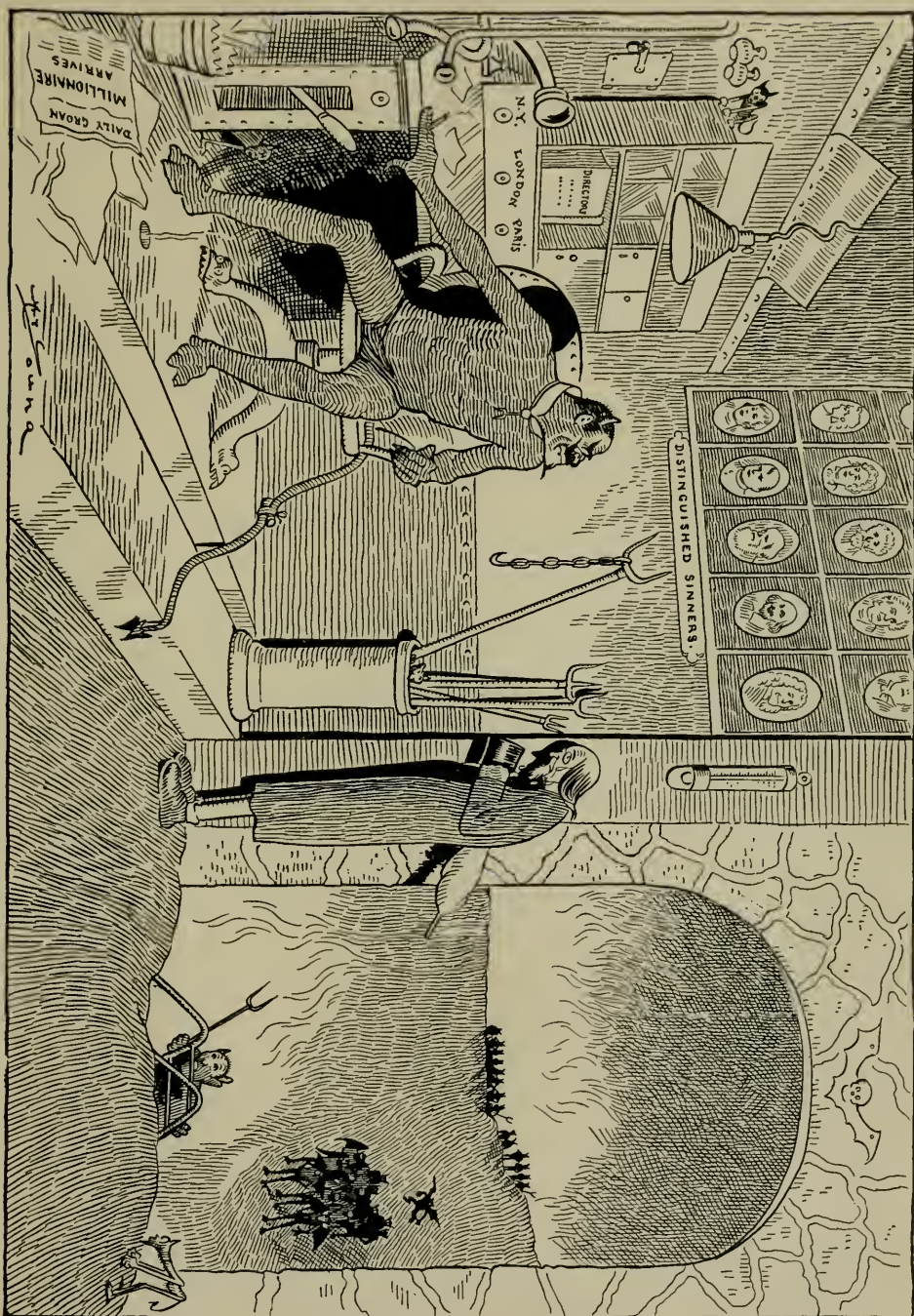
A THICKLY POPULATED CORNER.

CANTO IX.

THE explorer now determines to find Satan. To avoid the difficulties that Dante met with, it is Mr. Hunt's purpose to get a permit to pass through the Empire from the Devil himself. Though Demons pursue him with persistency he succeeds in reaching a huge arched entrance in an immense purple rock. Over it is a blazing inscription reading: "Satan's office." Here Mr. Hunt pauses. For a moment he is afraid. He regains his courage, and, mounting an elaborate fire-escape, enters. "As a night-hawk cleaves a side flight in the sky," says the poet-explorer, "so the great arch-enemy of mankind wheeled round in his chair as I entered."

Hiprah Hunt finds himself in great danger of being cast into Hell-fire before he can make known the object of his presence. When he explains that he has been a lifelong expounder of the future punishment theory, that his purpose is to explore the region and go back to earth with the proof of his belief, Satan shows great courtesy. He immediately telephones to the heads of the departments in his realm to assemble at Plutoblitz, the Central Station of the region, and to receive Mr. Hunt with a great ovation.





HIPRAH HUNT IN THE PRESENCE OF THE DEVIL.

CANTO X.

IN this Canto the explorer describes his arrival at the Central Station, accompanied by Satan.

He is met by a vast crowd of the Demon population and a reception committee of distinguished citizens.

After the formality of the reception he is besieged by delegations from labor unions, secret societies, members of the Fire Department and Golf clubs, autograph fiends, insurance agents, and representatives of the three official newspapers "The Daily Groan," "Hot Times" and "The Yelp."

After the bands have ceased playing and the tumult subsides Satan announces that Mr. Hunt will make a speech.

THE SPEECH OF HIPRAH HUNT.

(From an extra edition of the Daily Groan.)

"Your Majesty, Demons, Fiends and Imps:

"I thank you for this ovation. This, the Hell of my forefathers, with such improvements as you have made, is good enough for me.

"So long as man waxes fat in folly and vice on earth without a worried conscience, the world will need this region and must throttle the voice of the so-called 'wise-man' who says it's a myth. (Flapping of wings and roar of thunder.)

"I stand here on ground trod by the immortal Dante (loud cheers for Dante and flash of green fire), that great Italian who blazed the way for my own coming. To carry on the work of this great man is no easy task; but with the permission of your most Imperial High Ruler and yourselves, I hope to get about and see a few things that will startle millions of people who have ceased to be frightened at the thought of eternal damnation. (Loud reports of bursting thermometers.)

"Doesn't it serve men right who think they can go through life cheating, cursing, liquor-drinking, lying and raising Cain generally to find in the end that it's time to pay up. (A thousand voices: Sure! Give it to 'em; Hunt's all right.) On all the winds of the upper world are borne the croaking of the crows of modern thought. But depend upon it, one voice, the voice of Hiprah Hunt, shall always be raised against them in defence of this great Infernal Empire.

"Again I thank you all, particularly the musicians, for this tribute of esteem."

(Part of the band then strike up the "magic-fire scene," from "Die Walküre," while the rest play "He's a jolly good fellow" in rag time. The crowd cheers lustily and the affair ends with a magnificent display of fireworks.)

HIPRAH HUNT'S ARRIVAL AT THE CENTRAL STATION.



f ≡ 3 4 5 6 7 8
 9 10 11 12 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20

A FACSIMILE OF MR HUNT'S PASSPORT, —
 TRANSLATED READS: "PASS HIPRAH HUNT, A
 WARM ADVOCATE OF THE CAUSE," OLD NICK.

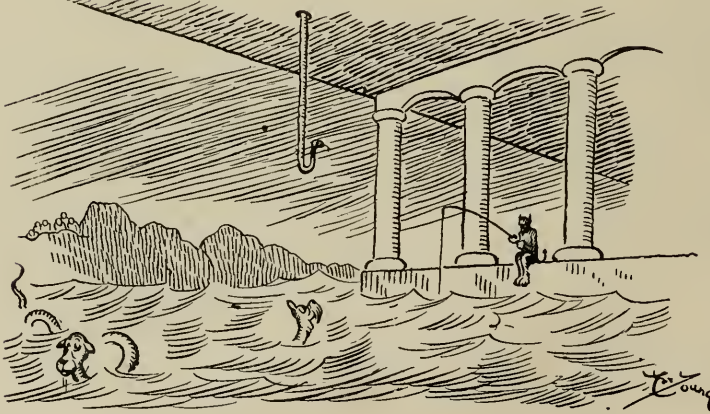


MAP OF A HELL DISTRICT.
(From a design by Mr. Hunt.)

CANTO XI.

MR. HUNT courteously declines the aid of guides whose services are offered by Satan preferring, as he explains, to go unattended, and makes his way to what is known as the first district of Hell.

Here he sees old Charon the pilot, who started his career as the Styx ferryman with a boat hardly large enough to hold two college professors, but who now runs a large double-decked steamer fitted out with modern improvements and accommodating eight hundred souls.

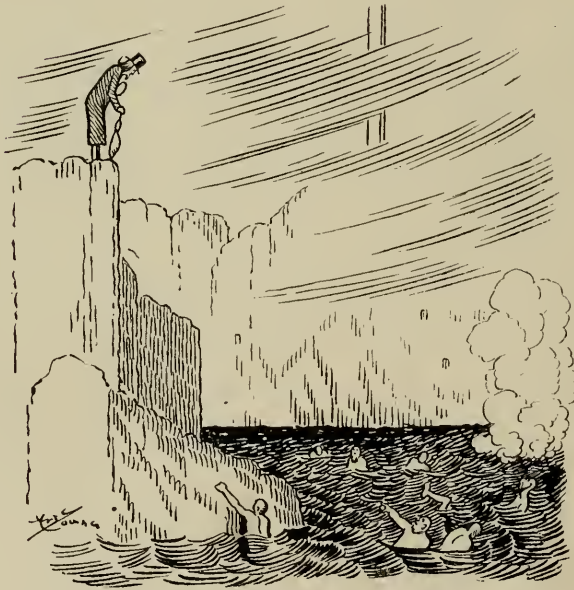


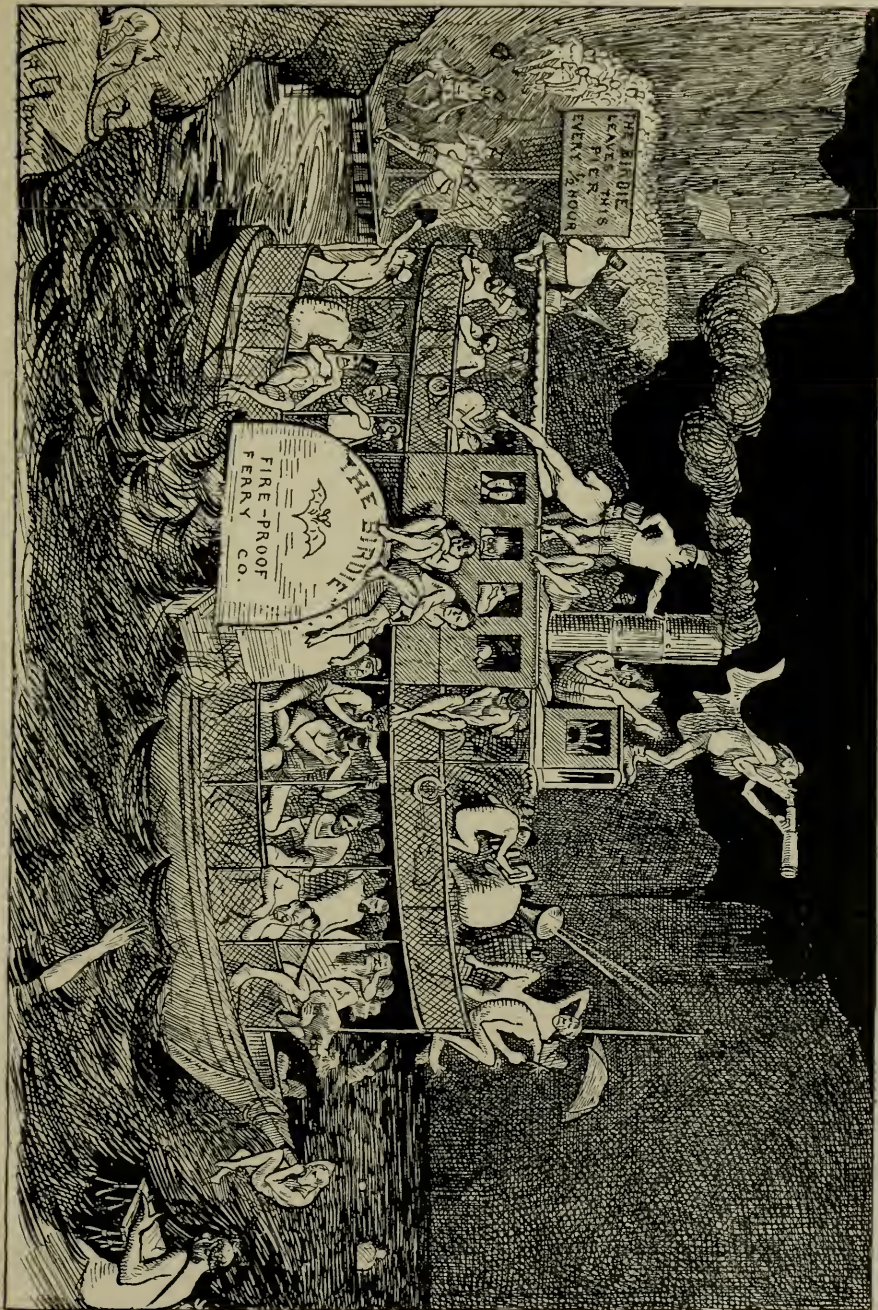


THIS IS CAPTAIN CHARON.

CANTO XII.

MR. HUNT sees Charon's boat take on a load of passengers. He watches it pull out from the pier and cross the river. An orchestra, consisting of a bass horn and an accordion, supplies the torture on the run from shore to shore. Wearing nothing but a mackintosh and gaiters the Captain stands on the roof of the pilot house grimly scanning the black waves.

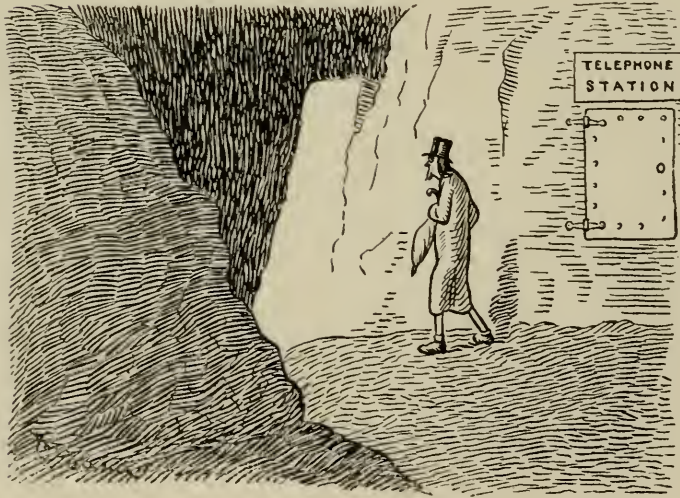


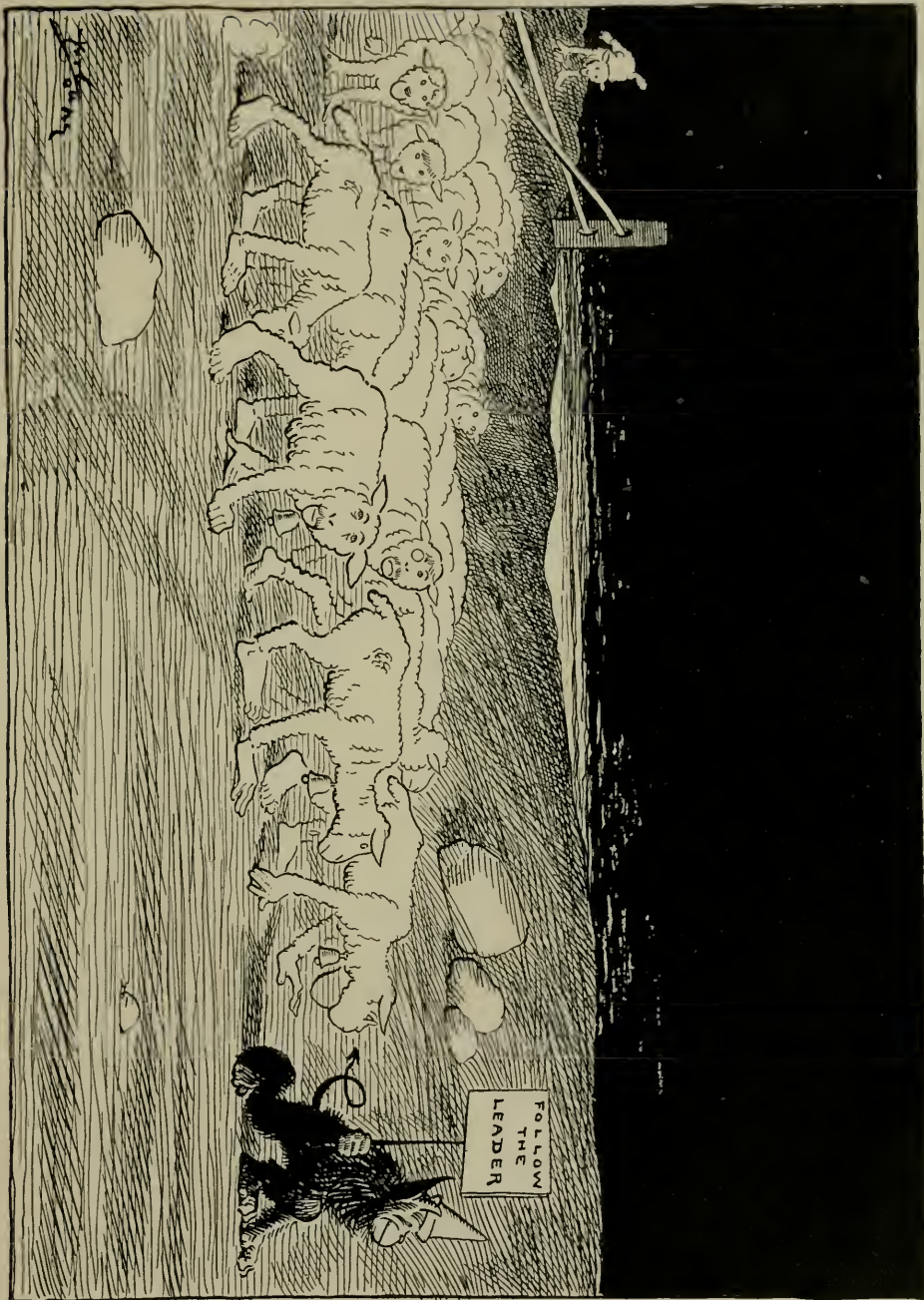


CROSSING THE RIVER STYX.

CANTO XIII.

COMING into the second district Mr. Hunt is debating which way he shall proceed, when he hears a scuffling on the heated asphalt road behind him. He turns and sees passing a drove of human-footed sheep, led by a monkey, whose contortions they are compelled to imitate. Mr. Hunt consults his guide book and learns that these are the people who did things because others did them, never taking the trouble to think for themselves.





THE SHEEP.

CANTO XIV.

THE explorer has not journeyed far in the first department of the second district when he beholds Minos, the Infernal Judge.

Up the terraced enclosure, arranged directly in front of the Judge, in rows of hundreds and extending as far as the eye can reach, Mr. Hunt sees the sinners awaiting their turn to be sentenced.

When the ill-fated soul stands before this Supreme Court he confesses everything.

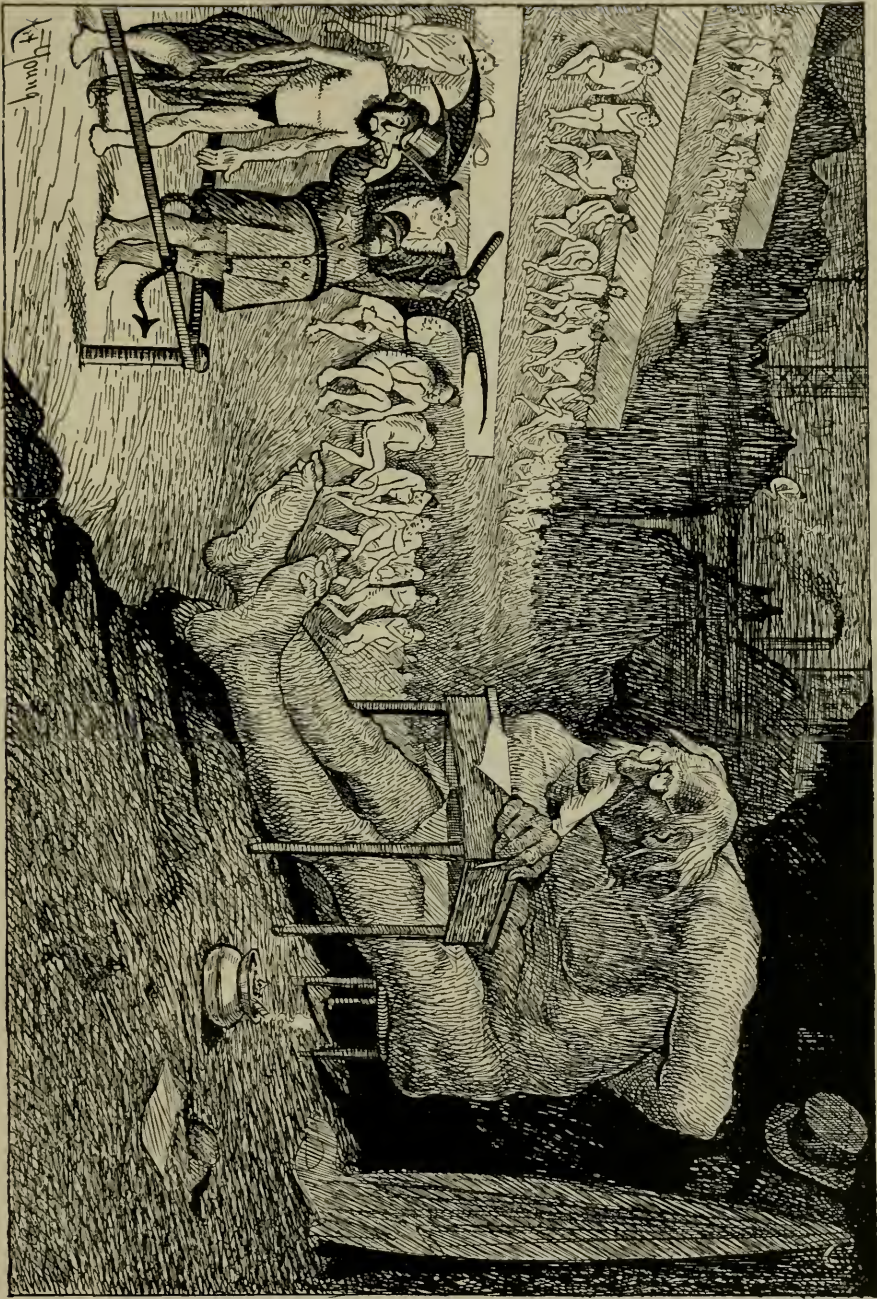
An Irish policeman leads a trembling sinner to trial.

"Well, what have you to say?" asks the Judge in a loud voice.

"Your Honor, I confess that I have always been somewhat obstinate."

"Yes: I know you," answers the Judge, "you are one of these pig-headed fellows—you never admit it even if you know you are wrong. Officer, remove him to the stubborn district."





WHERE JUDGE MINOS ADMINISTERS JUSTICE.

CANTO XV.

TAKING his way down the rugged slope Mr. Hunt comes to the hot region where people who took no pride in their work are punished.

Here he finds the tailors who made ill-fitting clothes steaming and fuming, attired in their own misfits.

In different sections of the same department he sees engravers, carpenters, artists and various other offenders of the same class.

This discovery may serve as a warning to all those on earth who, thinking rather of the money they will gain by it than of its quality, hurry and slight their work.





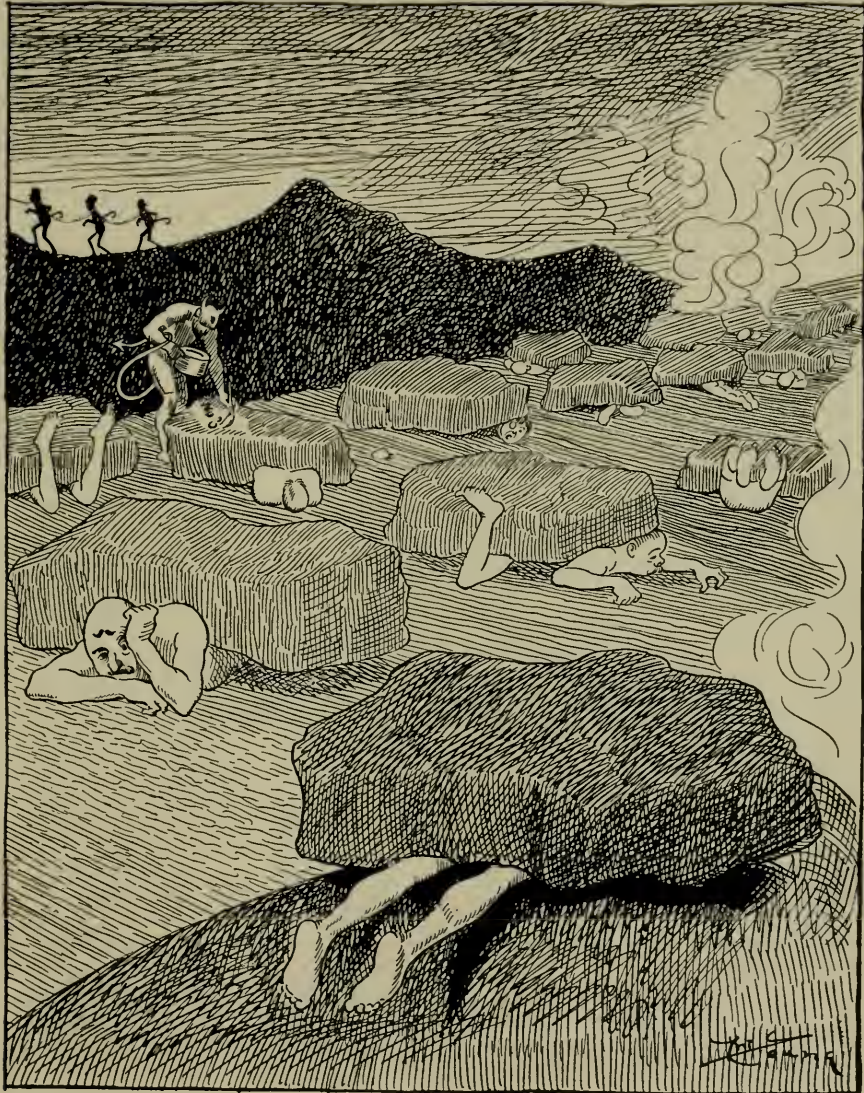
TAILORS WHO WOULDN'T LEARN THEIR TRADE.

CANTO XVI

NEXT, by permission, he goes along the edge of a void, and, turning to the right, comes to the district where street-corner mashers are punished.

"Under huge flat rocks they feebly flounder, while their despondent murmurs fill the haunted air."





"MASHERS."

CANTO XVII.

CONSULTING his map Mr. Hunt chooses a road that leads down to the gulf where slow people learn a lesson in activity.

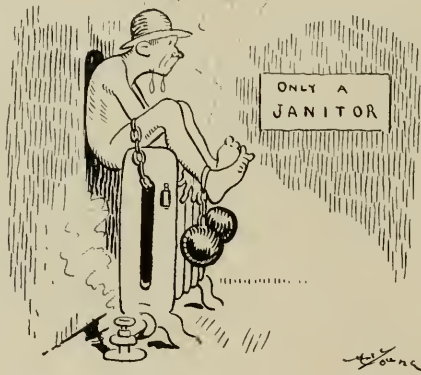
His guide book explains who a few of the slow people are.

The merchant who readily agrees to deliver goods at a specified time and invariably fails to do so.

The person who blocks a line of people at a railway ticket office while asking needless questions.

The business man who spends three hours at lunch knowing that his partner cannot leave the office until he returns.

The explorer inspects the machinery that is devised for the punishment of these individuals and then journeys on his way.





SLOW PEOPLE MADE ACTIVE.

CANTO XVIII.

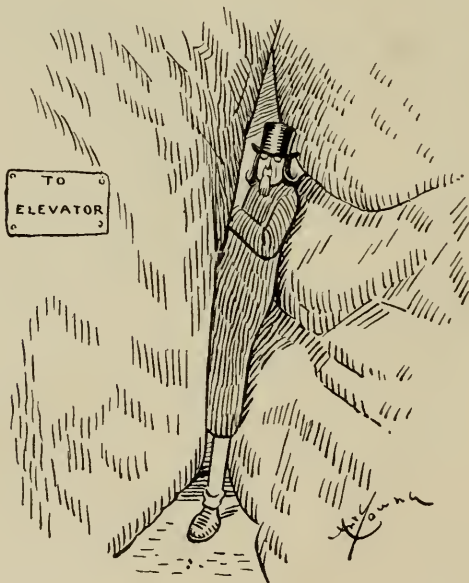
PASSING through a gloomy ravine, Mr. Hunt's curiosity is aroused by a sound of fiendish revelry.

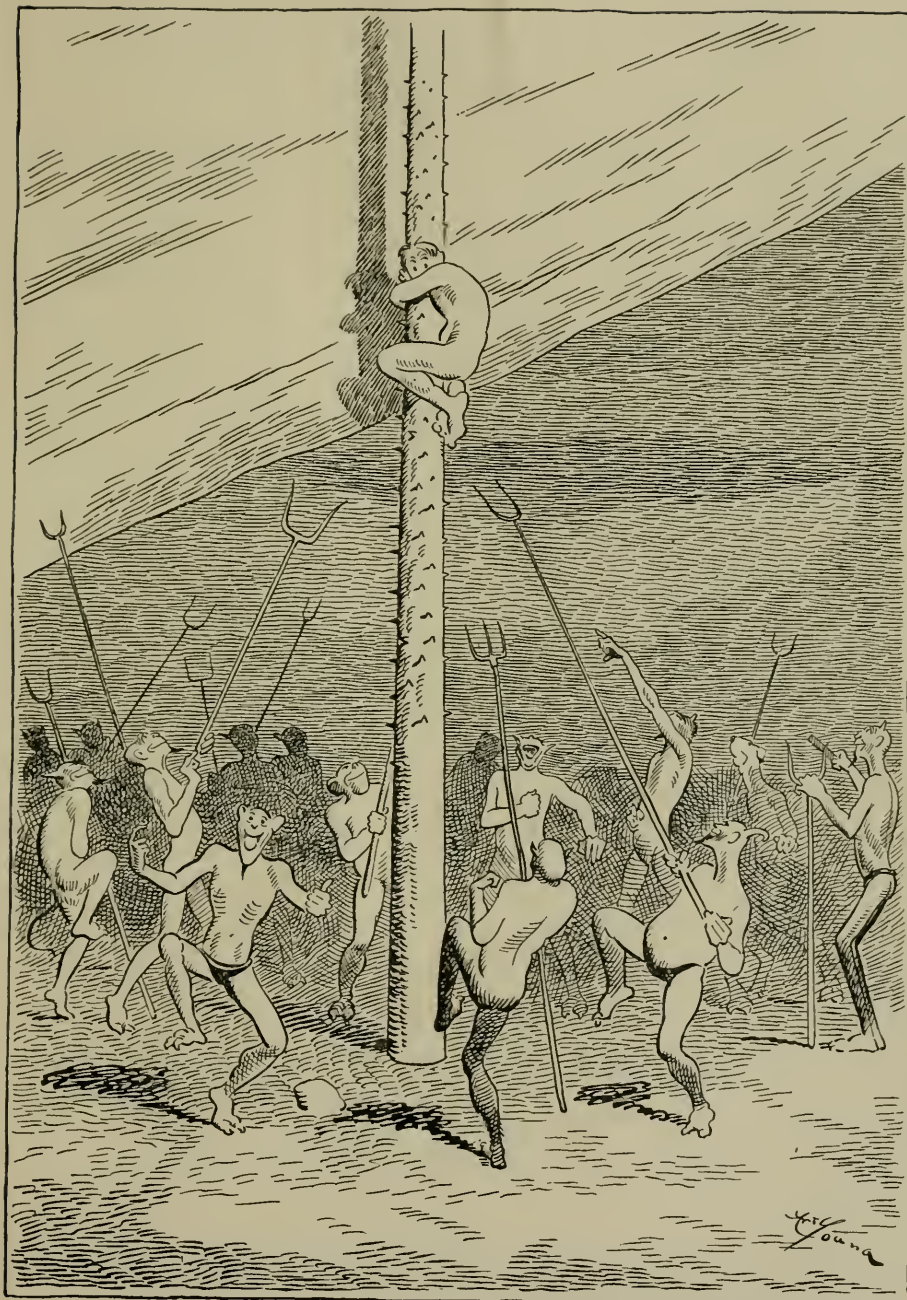
Following the direction of the noise he comes into that region which, according to his guide book, is occupied by the "fools of success."

Here he finds the man who climbed up in the world and then forgot his friends.

"As a cat clings to a tree trunk," says the poet, "while dogs dance 'round with laughing tongues," so this malefactor hangs high up a spike-covered pole, while "fiends make merry at his sorry plight."

Keeping well out of view the explorer continues his travels.



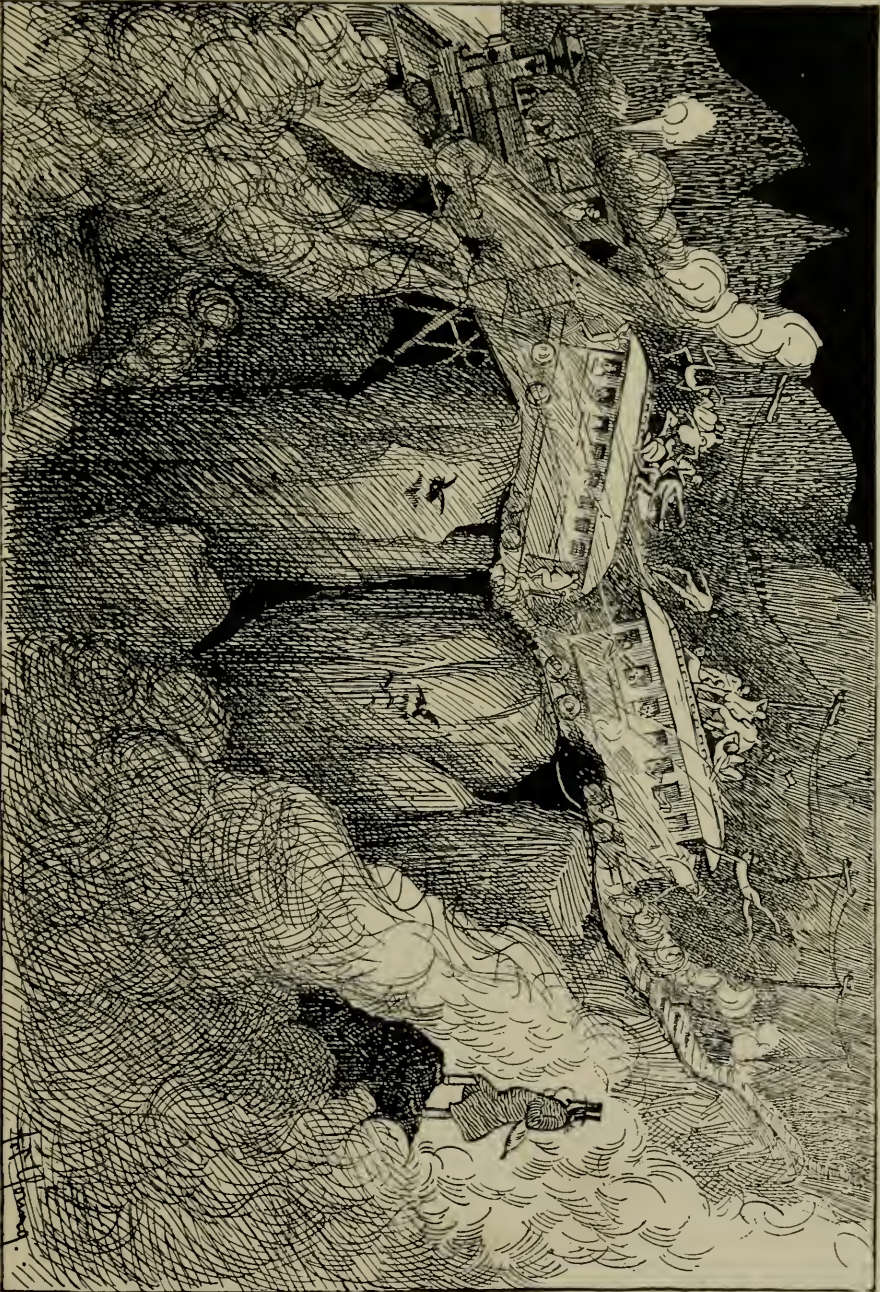


HE CLIMBED UP IN THE WORLD AND THEN FORGOT THE FRIENDS
WHO HELPED HIM CLIMB.

CANTO XIX.

WHILE cautiously proceeding down a smoke-swept region of the third section, Mr. Hunt sees the Limitless Express of the Grand Bump Railroad shrieking and rocking on its way to the bottomless pit.

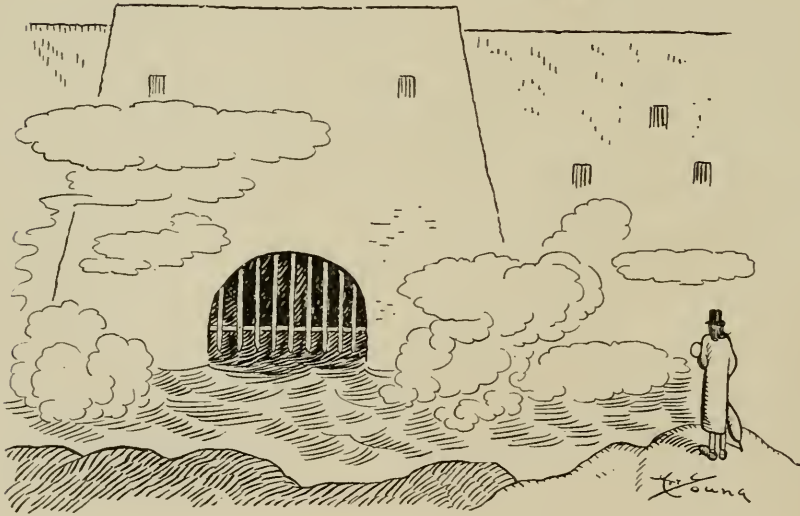


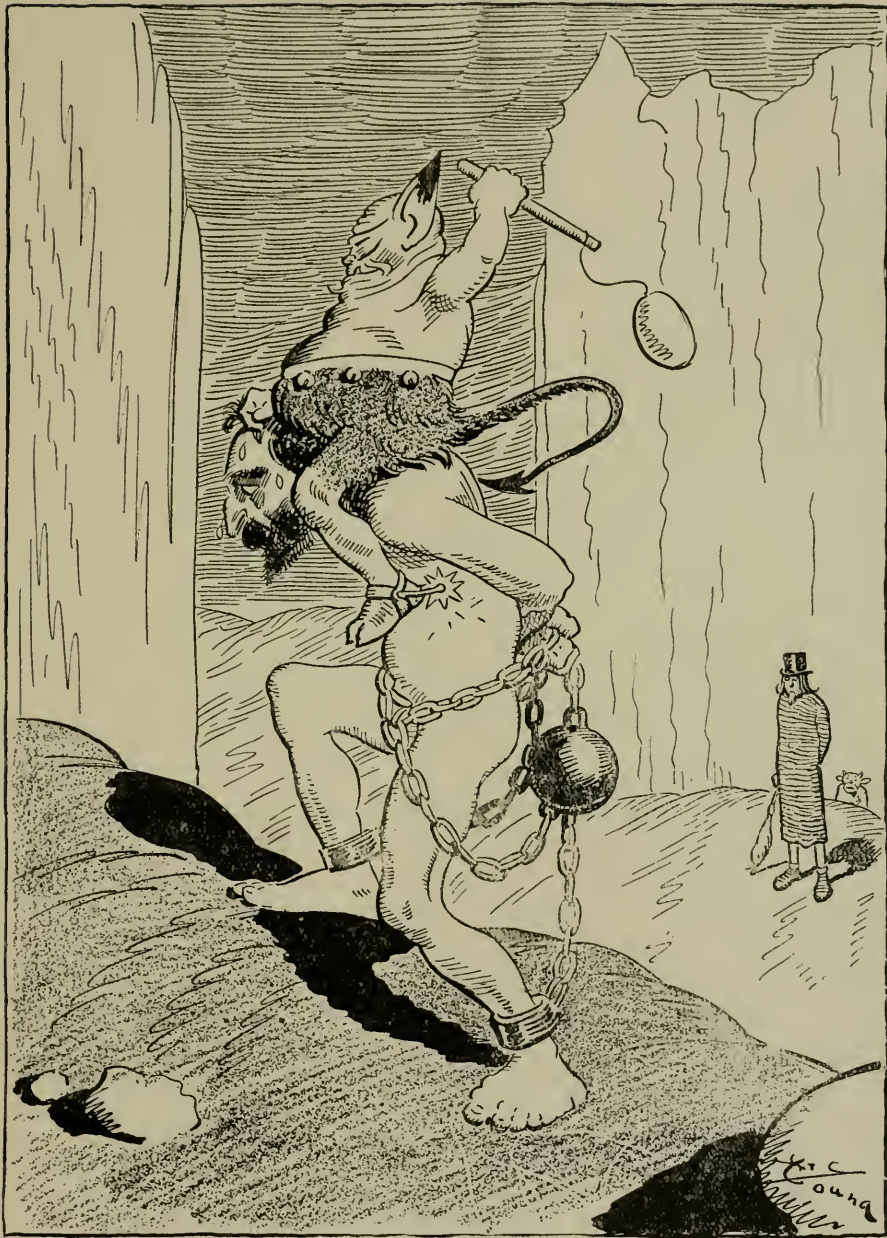


NOT A PLEASURE EXCURSION.

CANTO XX.

MR. HUNT crosses an aqueduct and finds himself in a district where people are tormented who have defrauded or abused others by the use of hypnotic power. It appears that the Demons have the power of hypnotism themselves and treat their victims as the latter treated others while on earth.





FATE OF A HYPNOTIST.

CANTO XXI.

THE poet relates the punishment of such as were too suspicious.

Here he finds the man who suspects that everybody is trying to cheat him, and also the man who thinks that every philanthropist has pecuniary reasons for his good deeds.

These and many others are turned into a rocky region to be chased and tormented by strange animals called Bunklefrights and Snoopflaps. These animals have large, piercing eyes, and sharp-pointed tails and toe nails with which they prick their victims, laughing the while with a peculiar sound that reminds Mr. Hunt of a violent bronchial cough.

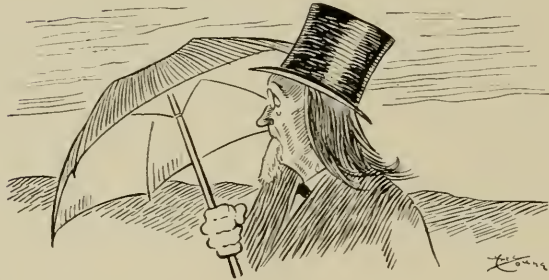


HE WAS TOO SUSPICIOUS.



CANTO XXII.

MR. HUNT takes his way down a long declivity up which the blinding steam hurries "as a blizzard sweeps up a prairie slope." Here he looks out over the vast territory where the professional tramps are made miserable. They are compelled to submit to everlasting baths in vats of boiling water.





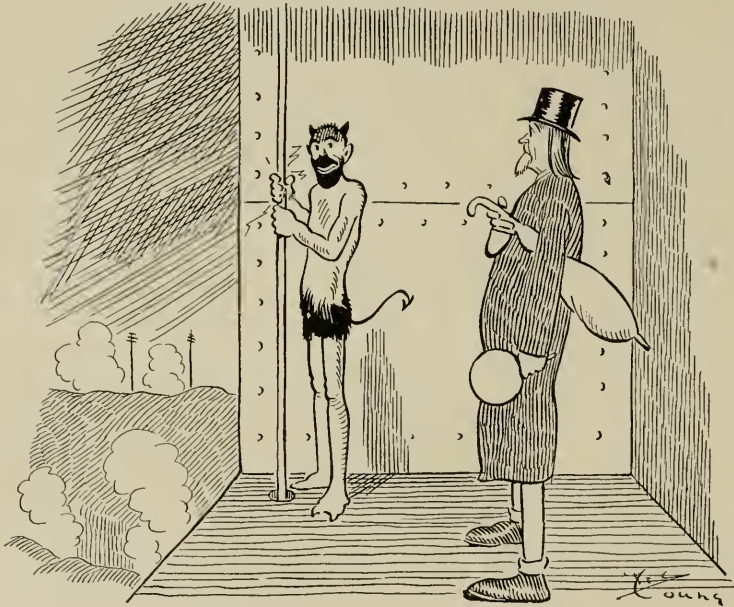
THE PROFESSIONAL TRAMPS.

CANTO XXIII.

REMOUNTING by the same path which led to the department spoken of in the preceding Canto, the explorer now passes over into the sixth section.

His guide book tells him that here the bores are punished.

He takes note of the penalty that follows the man who continually talks about himself, and others of the bore species; then, showing his passport, he steps into a descending elevator, with instructions to be put off at the next station.



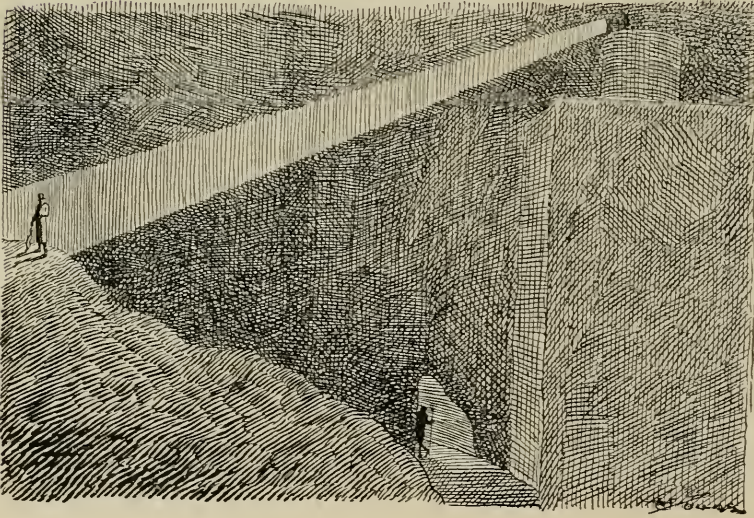


BORING A BORE.

CANTO XXIV.

ALIGHTING from the elevator Mr. Hunt makes his way to the district where he sees the conscience-thumping machines at work, an illustration of which is in his guide book.

A manufacturer who has taken the invention of a poor man and made a fortune out of it, without compensating the inventor, is found bound to the platform of one of these machines underneath a trip-hammer that plays an eternal tattoo on his sinful old head.





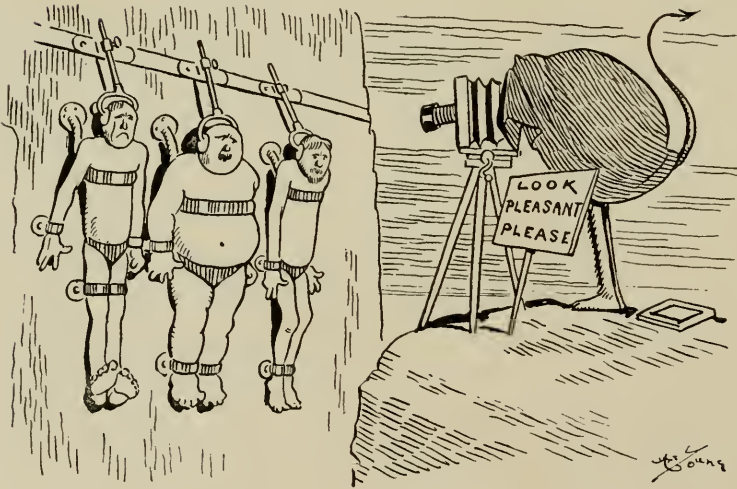
HE STOLE AN INVENTION.

CANTO XXV.

STILL in the same department he sees many more souls who walked over the rights of others in an excess of sordid ambition.

High up over a narrow rushing river, his body stretched and fastened from bank to bank, he finds one of these culprits serving as a footbridge over which the Demons walk.

This department also contains the obnoxious photographers, who, ignoring all rights of privacy, practiced "snap-shooting" on whomsoever they pleased.





HE WALKED OVER OTHERS.

CANTO XXVI

ON a shelf of the rugged slope our explorer now sees a malefactor whose fate after all seems hardly adequate to his fault. He is the man who eats in defiance of all laws of decency. The days when he spaded pie into his mouth or drew soup through his mustache with a sound like a leaking hydrant, are now but a hideous memory.



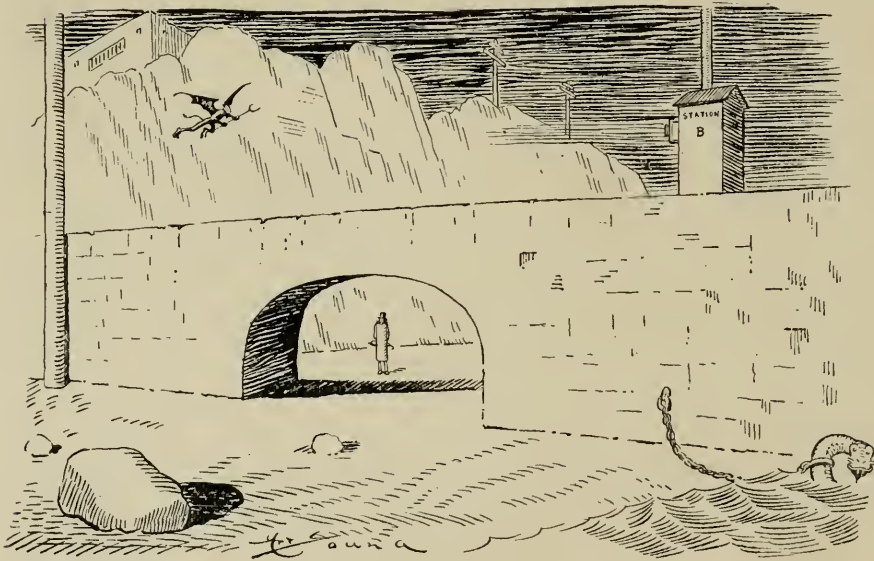


HE ATE LIKE A PIG.

CANTO XXVII.

MR. HUNT now proceeds onward to the bridge that crosses the ninth chasm.

In this region he finds the lawyers, every one of whom is gagged. The explorer reflects on the necessity of this penalty and passes on.





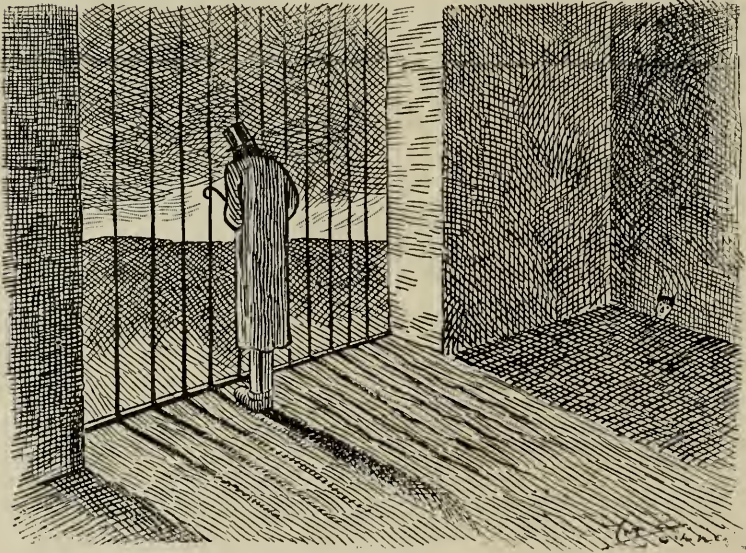
THE DEPARTMENT FOR LAWYERS.

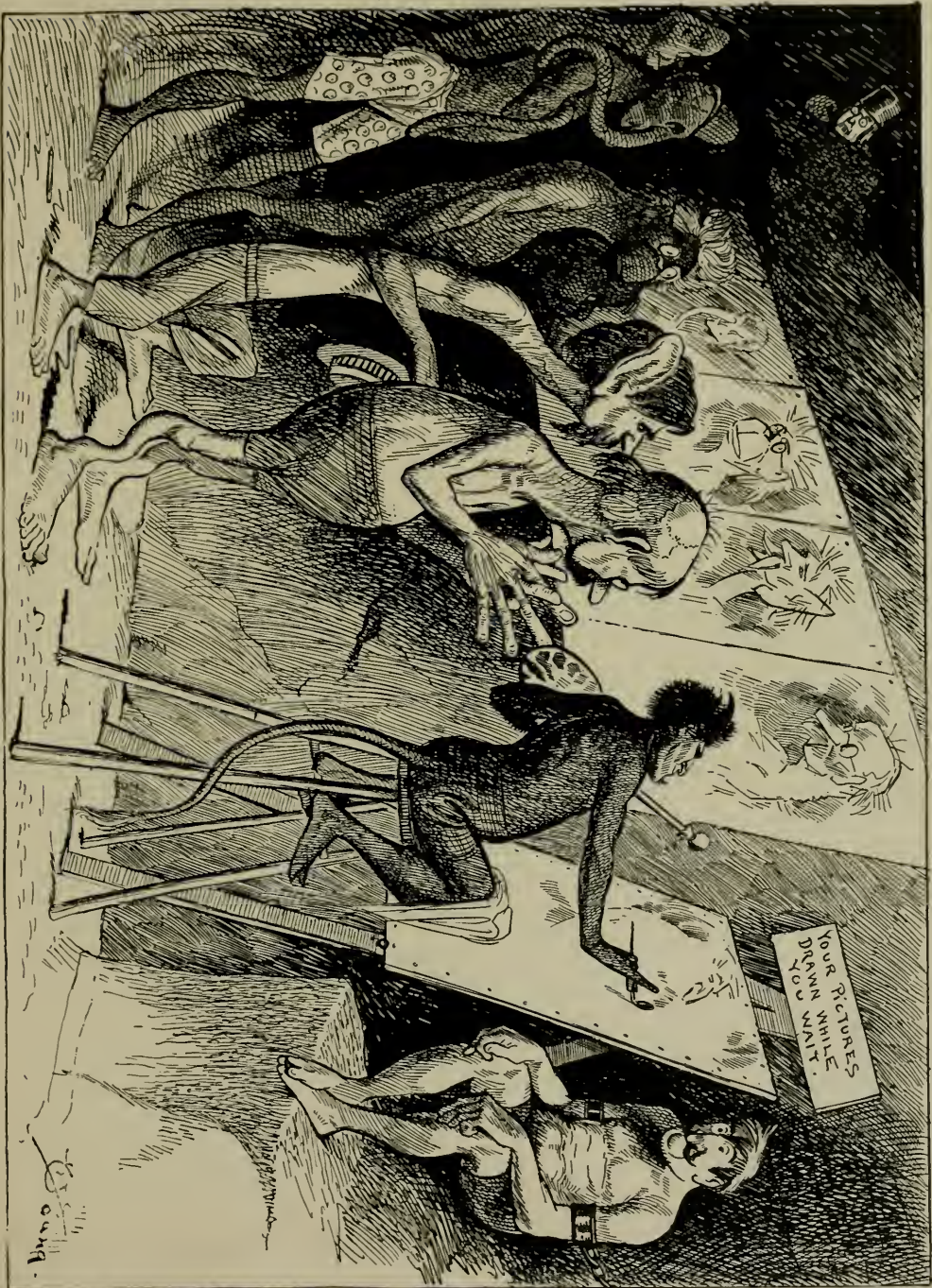
CANTO XXVIII.

JUST across the River Lethe there lies a small territory where the explorer finds the caricaturists who ridiculed public men for money—not principle.

He describes their punishment, which is to look forever at pictures of themselves made after they have been rolled, kneaded, pulled and twisted out of all semblance to their former selves.

Mr. Hunt is not disturbed by pangs of pity as he journeys on.





THE POLITICAL CARTOONISTS.
(A Little Distorted Themselves.)

CANTO XXIX.

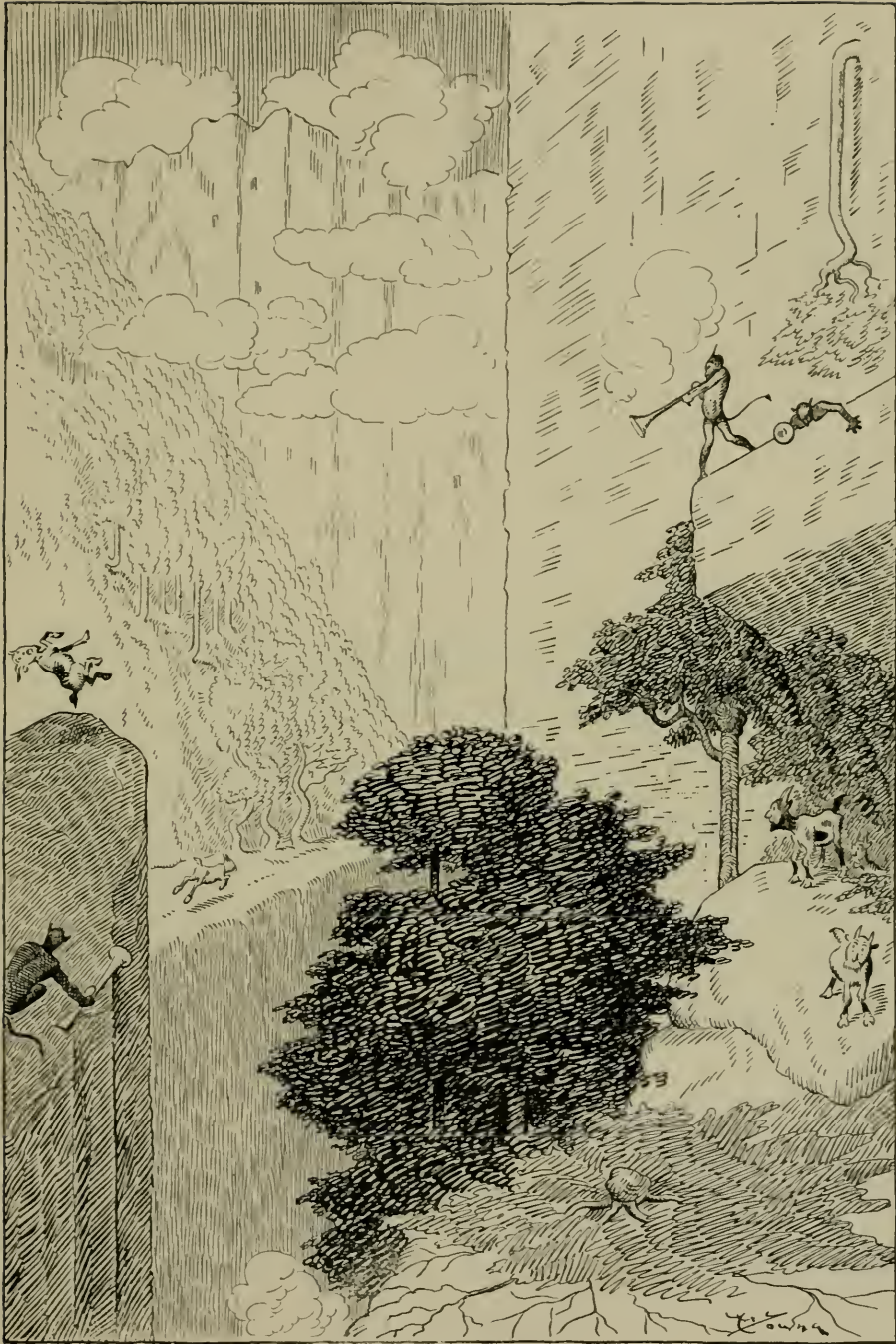
THROUGH an almost interminable cavern the explorer now comes out into a vast mountainous region called the "Devil's Hunting Ground."

Corrupt men in public office, who combined and threw the blame of their guilt on one man are found in this region transformed into wild animals, for the amusement of Satan's sharp-shooting devils.

Though they escaped public abuse on earth and prided themselves on not being "found out," it is different in Hell.

Here they are scapegoats themselves, and are hunted and shot by Demons armed with blunderbusses that fire five pounds of salt with one revolution of a wheel trigger.





HUNTING SCAPEGOATS.

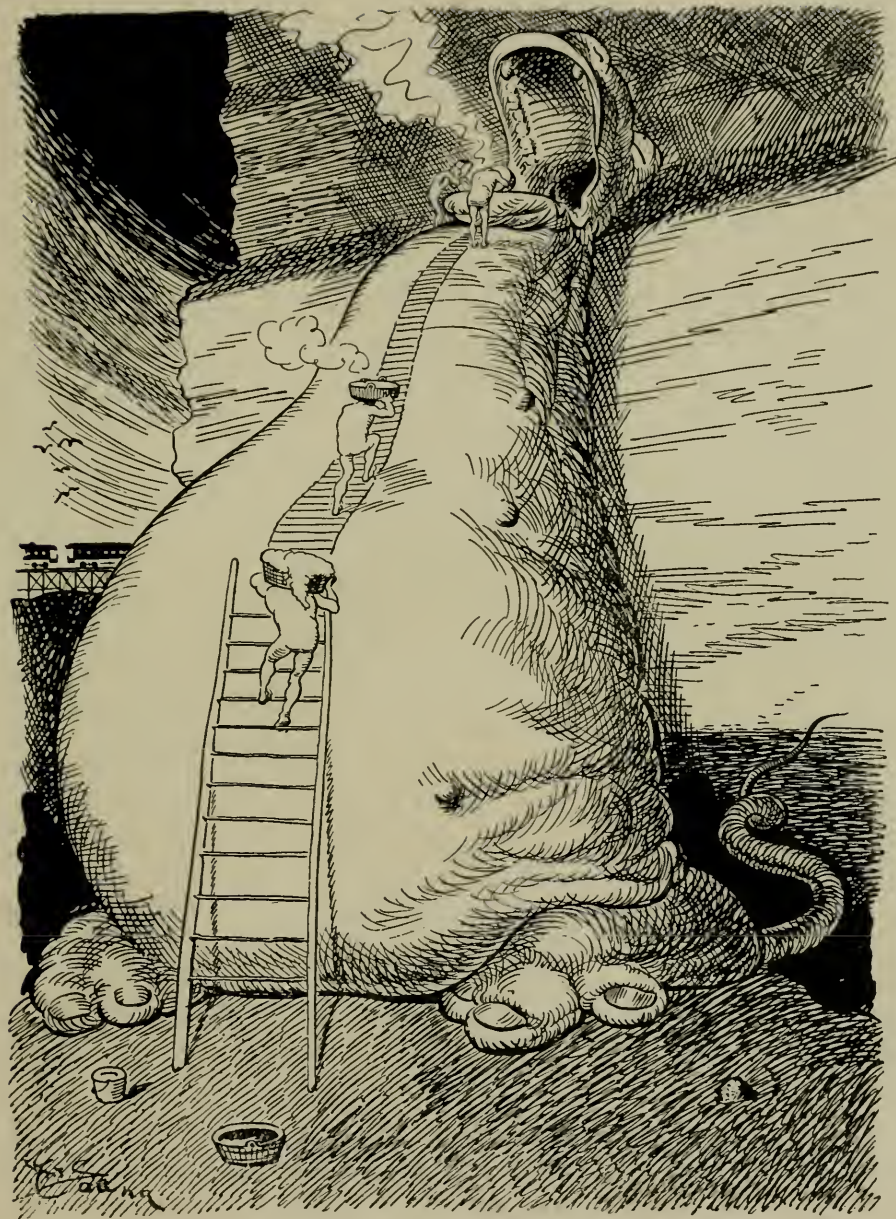
CANTO XXX.

MR. HUNT's hat is blown off by a stormy blast, and going down a deep ravine to recover it, he beholds a hideous monster called the Tip System.

This animal sits upright on its two feet. It is a beast of mouth and stomach. Its height is that of twenty men. On the full length of its pale green front a ladder rests. Men toil up this ladder with vats of food and pour the contents into the animal's hungry maw.

Their labor never ends, for the monster's appetite increases in proportion as it is fed. Perhaps it is just as well, for the explorer discovers that the men who have this work to do are the porters and waiters who neglected and insulted customers when not tipped.





THE MONSTER TIP SYSTEM. .

CANTO XXXI.

MR. HUNT now takes the Infernal Elevated Train and gets off at the district where editors are punished.

He finds them classified in his guide book and takes note of a few of them:

"Editors who never credited stolen articles."

"Editors who threatened public men with abuse if they refused to do as they dictated."

"Editors who were very careful not to publish disagreeable truths about people of wealth, and so-called 'social station,' but never hesitated to print anything about people outside this select circle."

Huge red-hot waste baskets hold them, the worst offenders being at the bottom.



EDITORS.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Bad Actor: "Well, anyway, there's one comforting thing about this region; no matter how bad one acts, he can't get a frost."

CANTO XXXII.

AIMLESSLY making his way through the crackling heat, Mr. Hunt comes face to face with the inventor who is responsible for the barb-wire fence.

His lot is not a pleasant one. He is compelled to sit forever on his own invention.





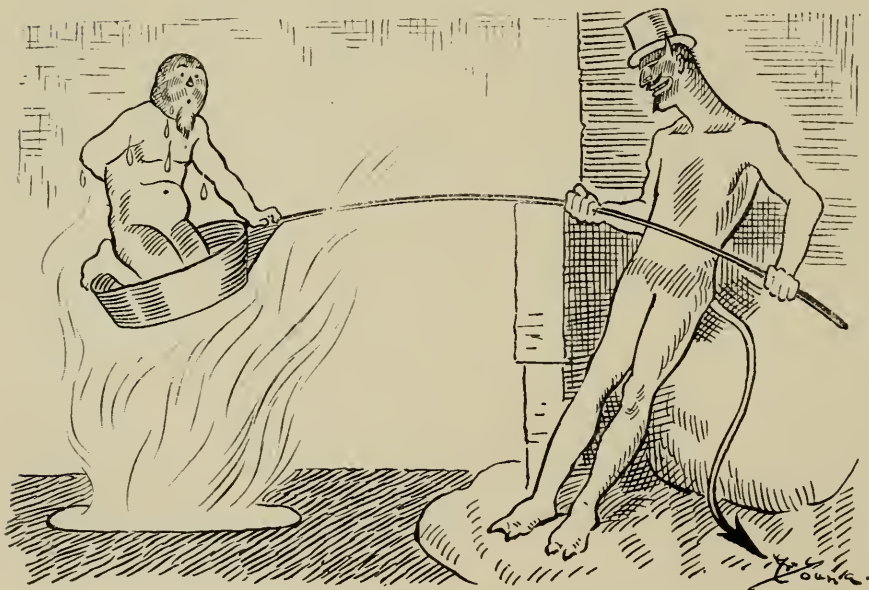
THE INVENTOR OF THE BARB-WIRE FENCE.

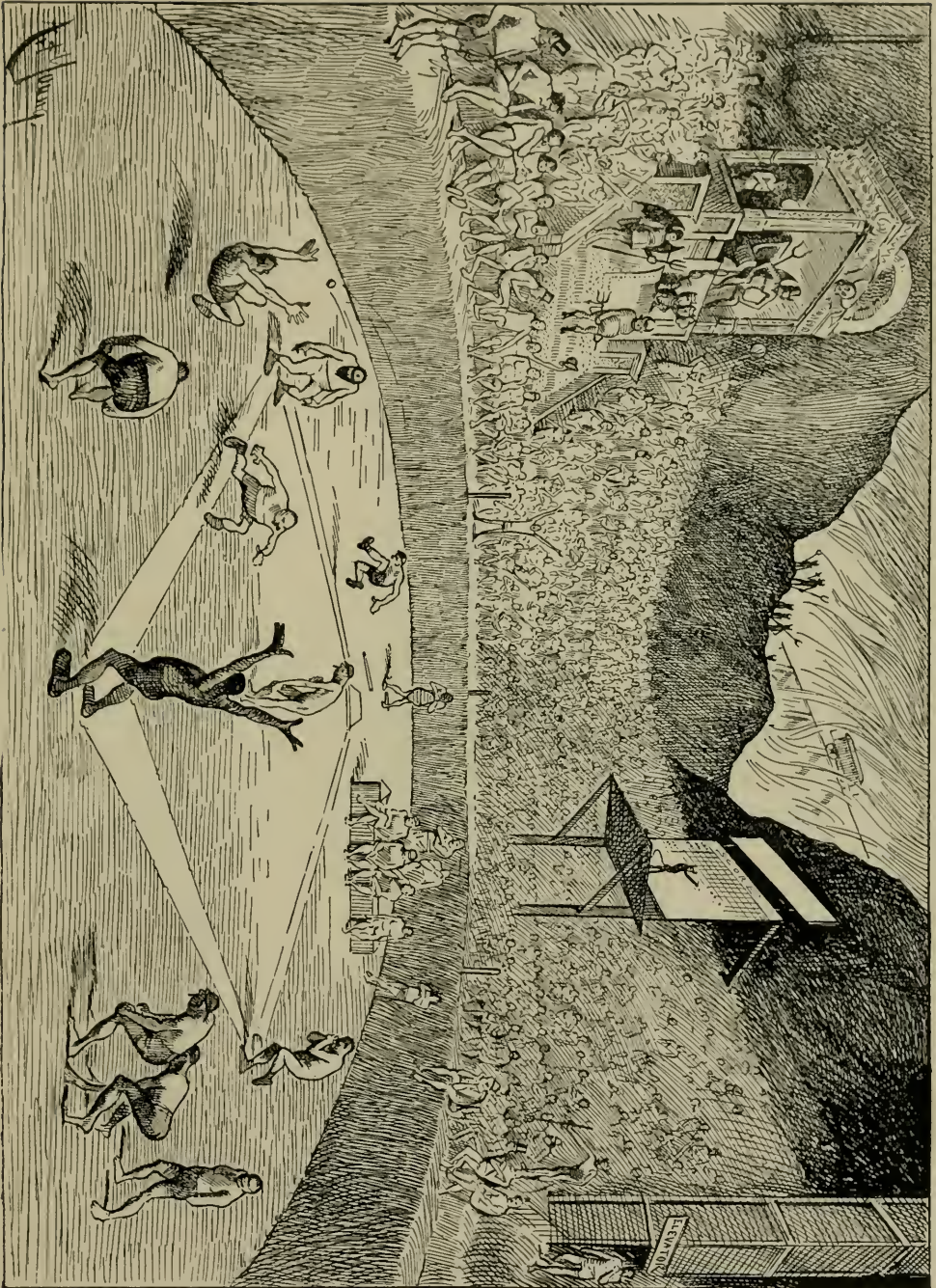
CANTO XXXIII.

IN this Canto Mr. Hunt describes the meeting with that historic personage, Farinata.

He relates a conversation he had with Dante which interests the explorer.

Farinata tells him also of the burning hardships and similarity in the temperature which he has endured for several hundred years, He remembers but one holiday in all that time, the occasion being a ball game gotten up by a picked nine of American sinners against the world.





A GREAT EVENT.

CANTO XXXIV.

CLOSE by Mr. Hunt learns the fate of deceptive land agents.

These men who urged poor people to migrate to a barren country under the impression that it was a paradise, and advertised beautiful homes in ideal locations which turned out to be the reverse of the printed descriptions, are lifted high in the car of an observation elevator with promises of a fine view of the surrounding country and choice of cool corner lots. When at a great height a Demon pulls a lever, a trap-door opens and the agent falls into a furnace of brimstone fire.





THE FALL OF A DECEIVING LAND-AGENT.

CANTO XXXV.

IN the twelfth district most of the brimstone mines of the region are located.

Here confined to hard labor are many kinds of culprits. Among them Mr. Hunt thinks he recognizes an old neighbor who was too lazy to shovel the snow from his sidewalk.

While watching these laborers a Demon overseer calls his attention to a brood of spirits leaping and tumbling amongst the distant crags.

They are embezzlers, carrying heavy bags of stones and being pursued by swift-winged devils.





A TASK OF PERPETUAL SHOVELLING.

CANTO XXXVI.

STILL in the same gulf the explorer sees a sign which points to the "trash dumping ground." Curious to see what is called trash in Satan's domain, he follows the road that leads down through the red rock and comes to a pit "which all the words of Italy's bard would fail in power to describe."

In the bottom of this vast hole heaps of gnarled and shrivelled-up souls have fallen and are still falling. He learns that these are the souls of people who continually tried to underrate, or detract from, the success of others.





EXEMPT.

Guard: "Two new arrivals from the Metropolis."

District Superintendent: "Who are they?"

Guard: "Woman says she's been running a boarding house for twenty years, and man says he's been living in boarding houses for twenty years."

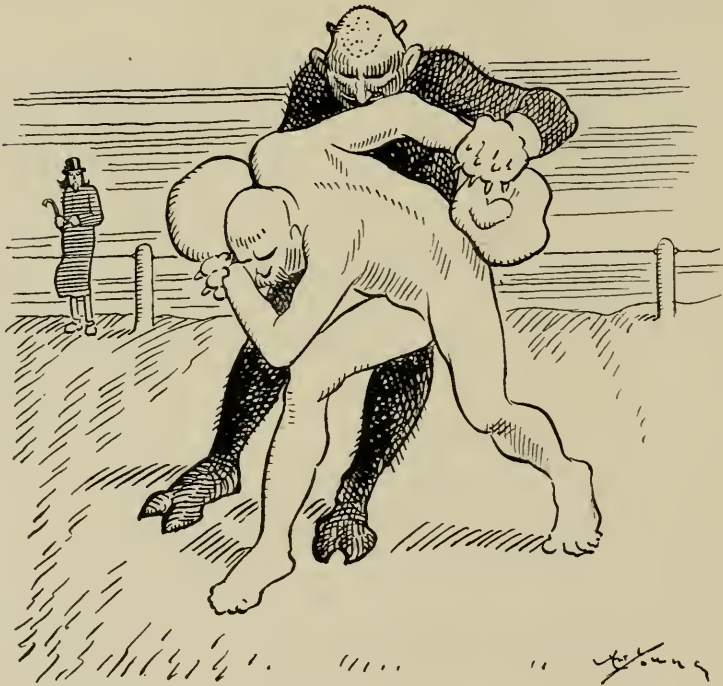
District Supt.: "Make them comfortable; both have had Hell enough."

CANTO XXXVII.

"STANDING like patient oxen in their stalls," Mr. Hunt discovers a row of hapless souls, each held tightly by the nose in the grip of a vice.

This is the just penalty ordained for those who habitually intruded their noses into the affairs of others.

In an enclosure of the same district notorious prize-fighters, wearing eiderdown mittens, are compelled to fight big brawny Demons wearing spiked gloves.





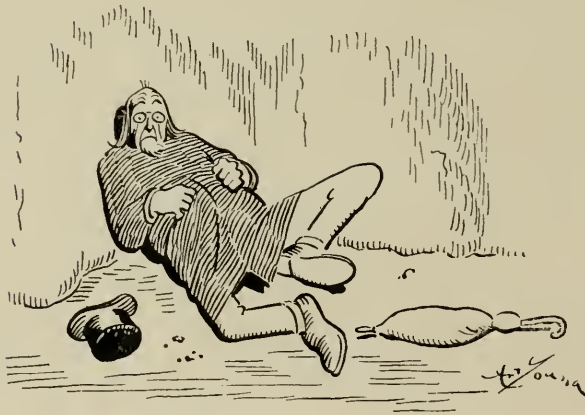
HE POKED ABOUT IN OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS.

CANTO XXXVIII.

IN the next district, which reeks with stifling odors, Mr. Hunt discovers "reckless talkers" eating their own words, which are served red hot on platters in the form of tarts.

Out of curiosity Mr. Hunt takes a bite of this Infernal food. For an instant he feels "as one ripped inwards, then sickened at sea."

He remains in an unconscious condition for a long time, but is aroused finally by a clap of thunder and again slowly resumes his journey.





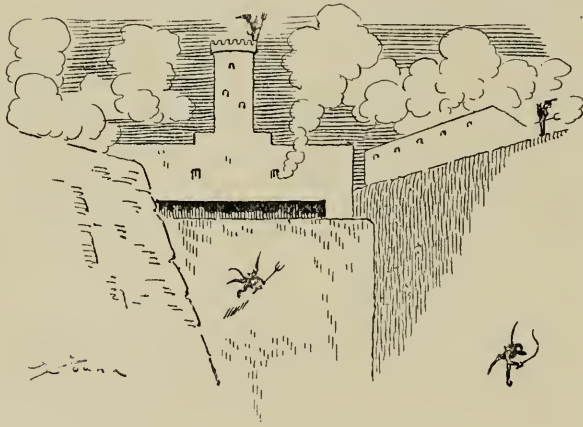
THE RECKLESS TALKERS.

THIS WORD-EATING
CONTEST WILL END
IN TWO THOUSAND
YEARS. CHEER UP!

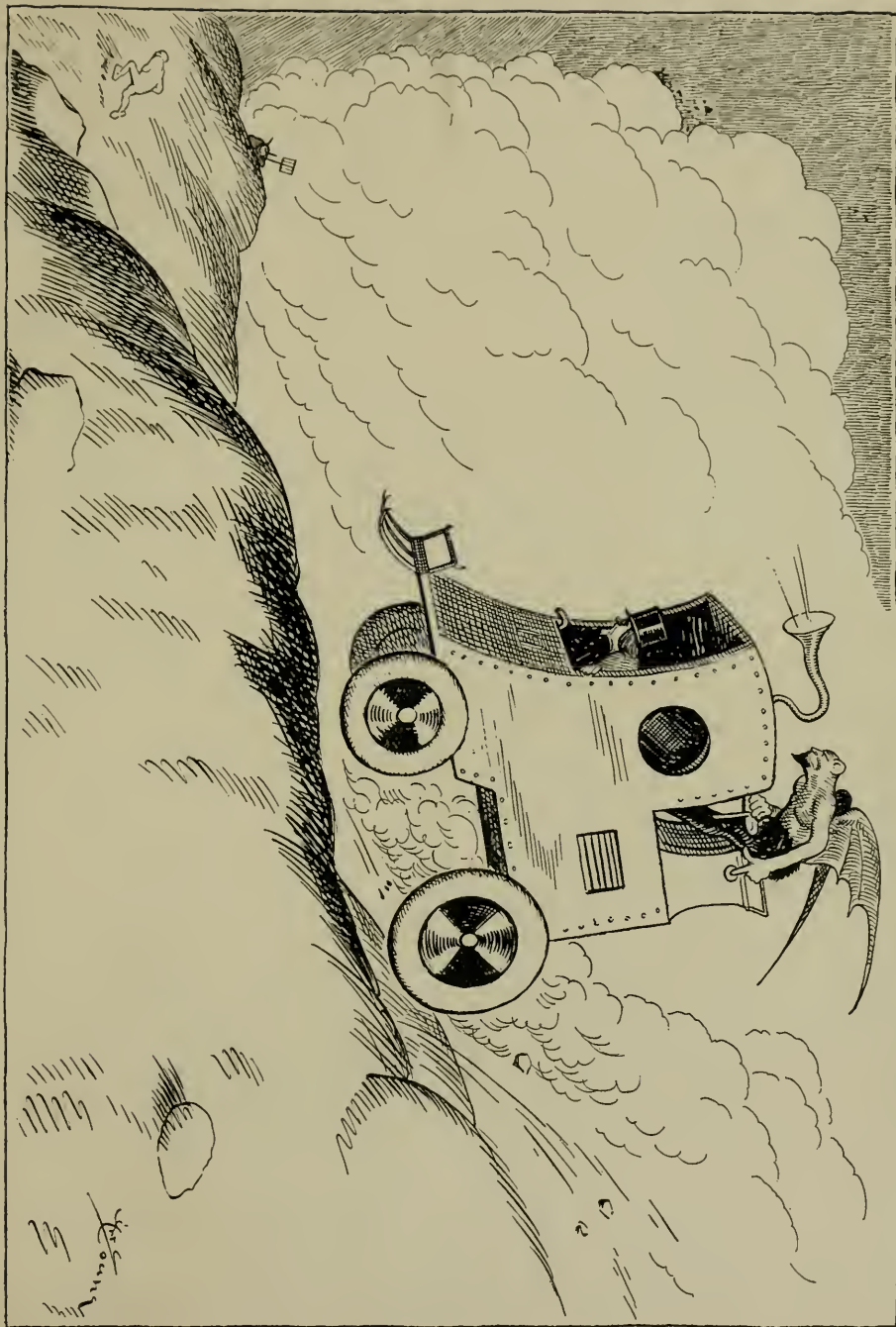
CANTO XXXIX.

BEING weak from the result of testing Infernal food, the explorer accepts an invitation to ride in an automobile to the next district.

Over the same territory that Dante traversed afoot in the year 1314, Mr. Hunt now travels in this modern fashion.



HIPRAH HUNT TAKES A RIDE IN AN AUTOMOBILE.



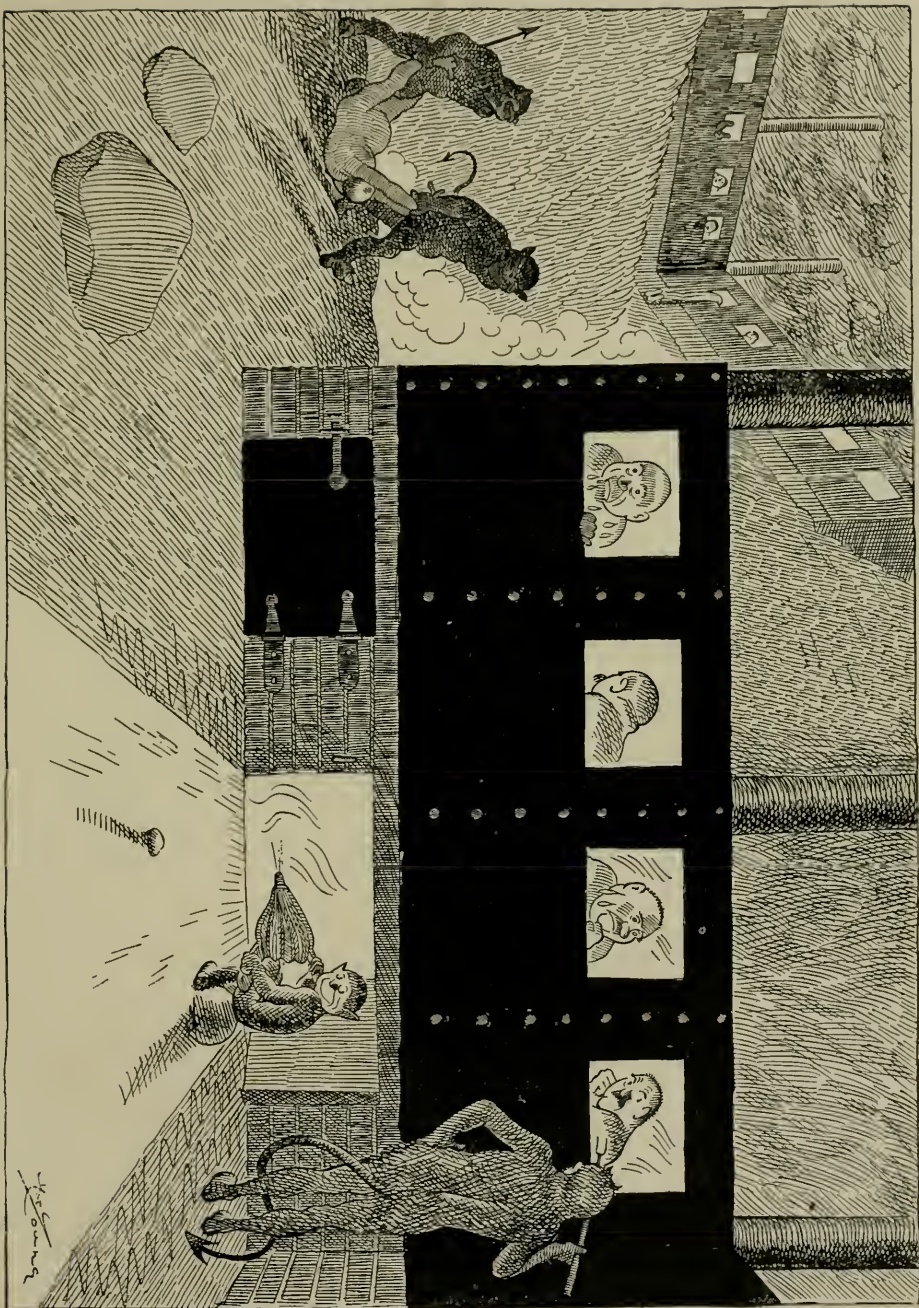
CANTO XL.

HUGGING a rocky ledge closely, Mr. Hunt gropes his way to a lower plain in the same region where he sees the punishment meted out to bribe-taking aldermen.

These are shoveled into ovens built for that purpose.

It is Mr. Hunt's opinion that under pressure of the fierce heat the victims may regret at times that they accepted bribes for the giving of contracts and franchises.



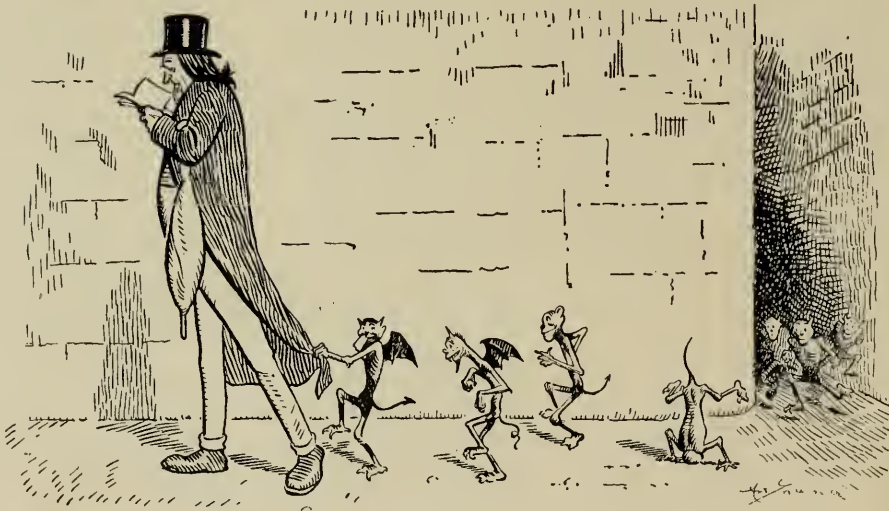


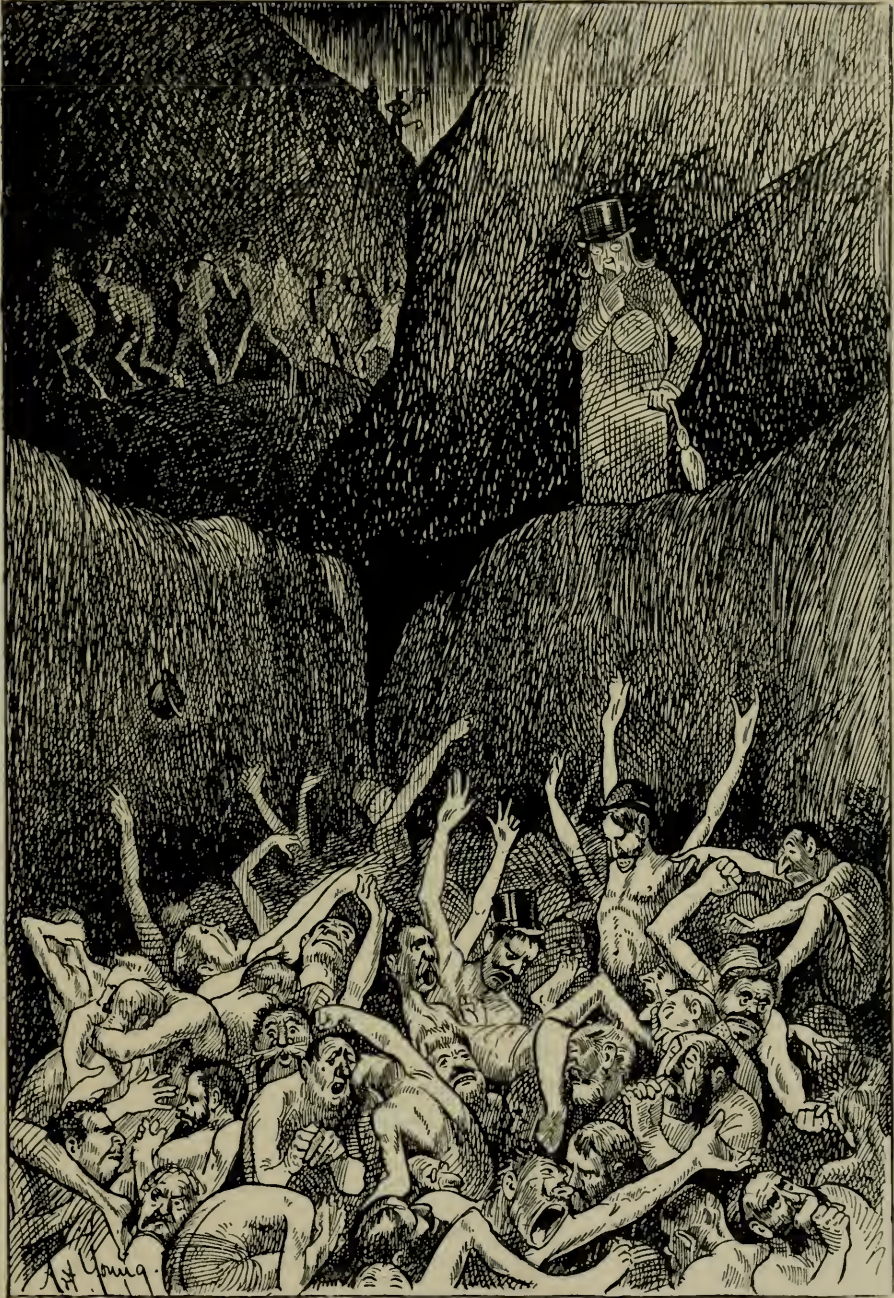
BRIBE-TAKING ALDERMEN.

CANTO XLI.

UP through the Stygian darkness a terrible tumult of voices smites the ear of the explorer. Peering down the jaws of a deep pit he sees the souls of the bucket-shop gamblers.

Through the flickering red light that pervades this region the explorer makes his way to the next district.





THE BUCKET-SHOP GAMBLERS.

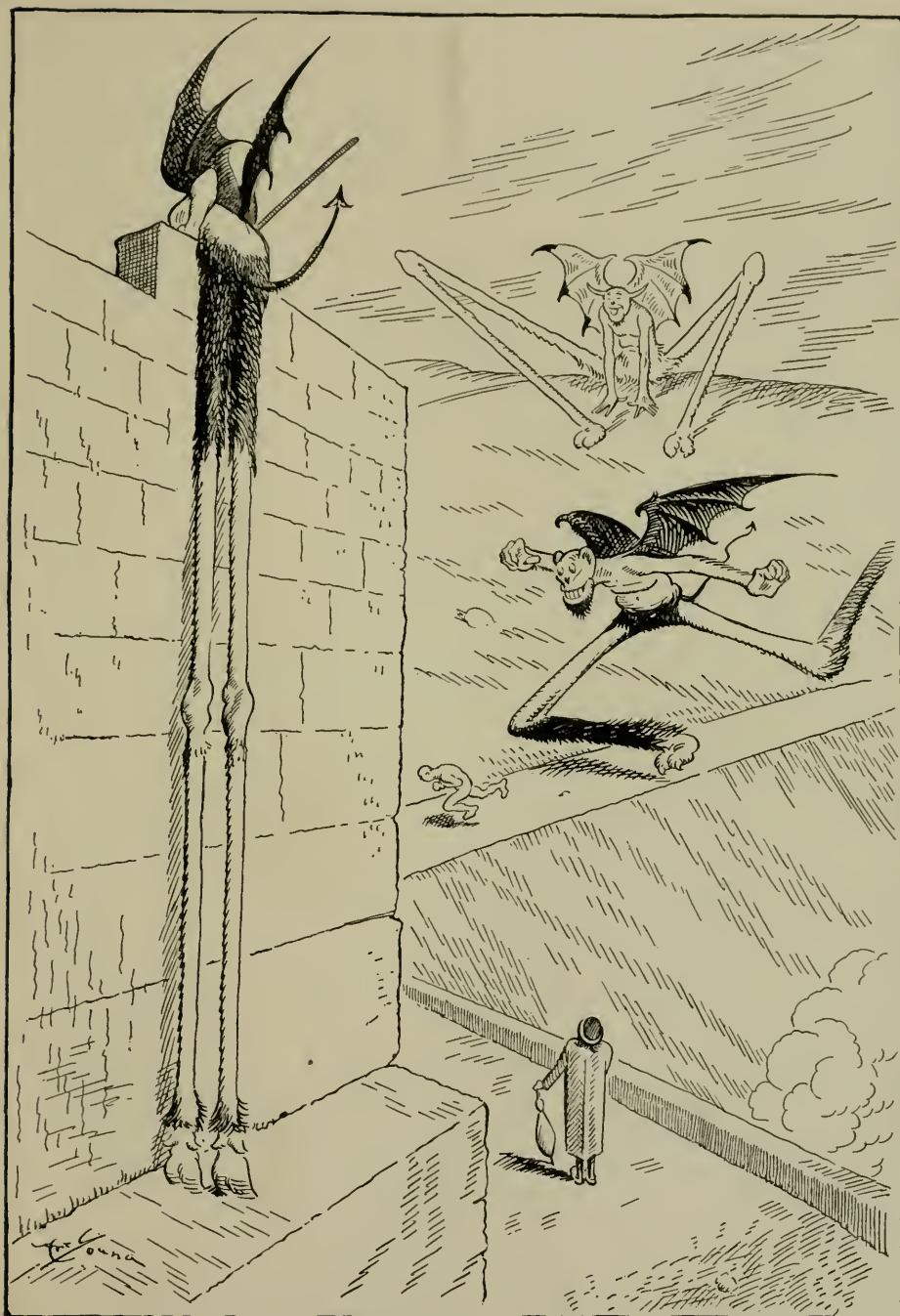
CANTO XLII.

IN what is called the Carousal of Hell, Mr. Hunt sees the long-legged devils.

Some of these have legs thirty feet long. They hop about, chasing victims, in a game of tag. The feature of the game that makes it interesting for the devils is that they are never "it."

People who "jump at conclusions" are some of the unfortunates who are kept dodging and guessing in this department.

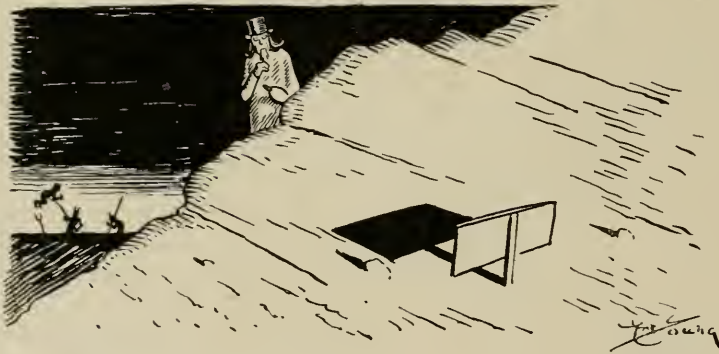




PLAYING TAG WITH PEOPLE WHO "JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS."

CANTO XLIII.

UNDER the escort of a Demon overseer, Mr. Hunt is directed into a department where he witnesses the punishment of a man who on earth wore fine clothes, while his wife and children went about in shabby attire. Here the victim is made to wear an old dress of pink calico and a bright green hat with yellow trimmings, set on sideways.





A CASE OF SELFISHNESS.

CANTO XLIV.

MR. HUNT finds himself on the corner of Brimstone Avenue and Ripsnort Place, where he sees that type of street-car conductor who, if he did not happen to feel in the mood, would not stop his car as you stood gesticulating wildly for his attention. Chained to a red hot griddle, where the cars pass continually to and from the foot-ball games, he shouts in vain to the grip-fiend and Demon-passengers for relief.

He is lucky if nothing worse is hurled at him than a hoarse mocking laugh.



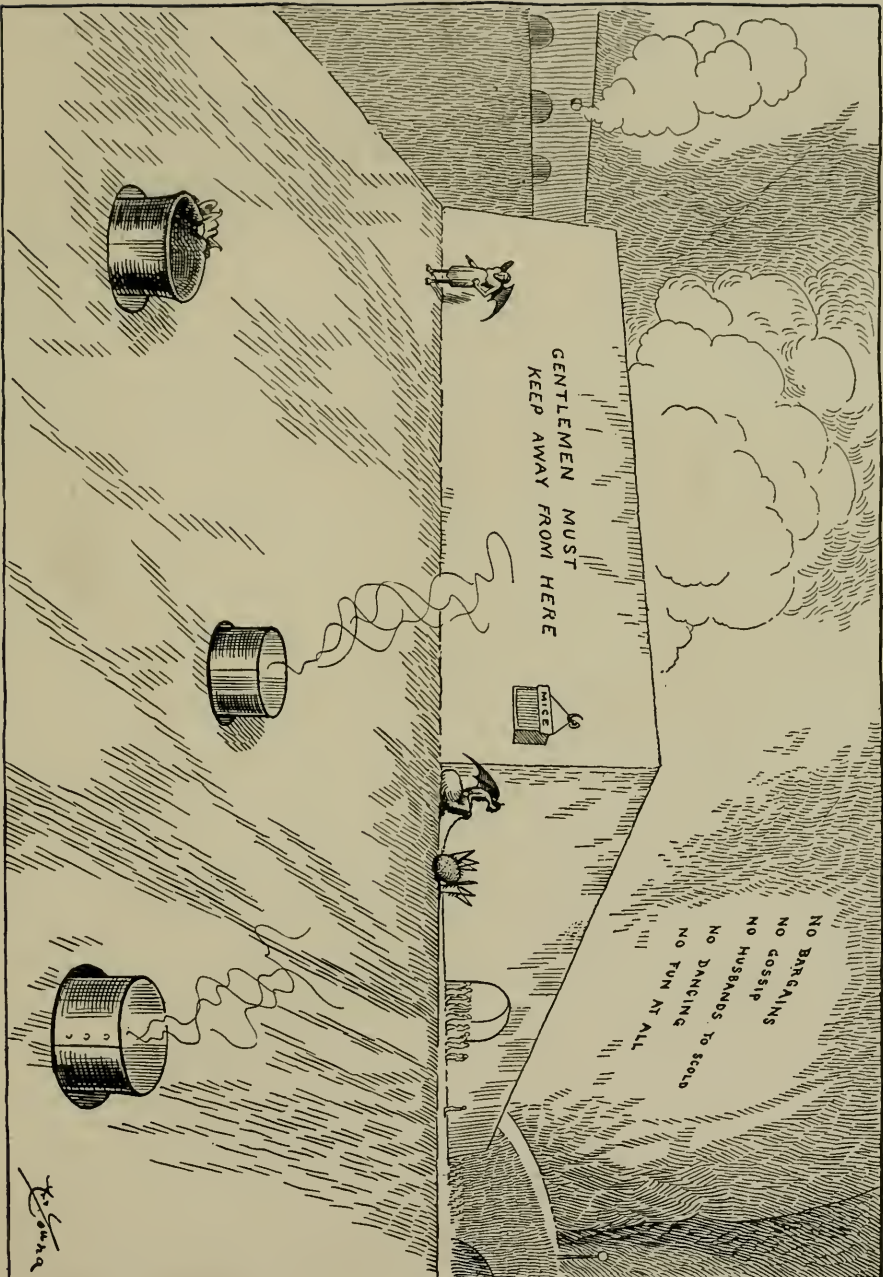


A HAUGHTY CONDUCTOR.

CANTO XLV.

COMING to a spot where the plain, spoken of in the preceding Canto, terminates in an almost perpendicular steep, the traveller discovers through the thick fog hovering below the dim outline of the battlements surrounding the female department. On seeing a sign "No gentlemen admitted," his native chivalry causes him to retire without investigating the prohibited region.





ONE SECTION OF THE NEW FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

CANTO XLVI.

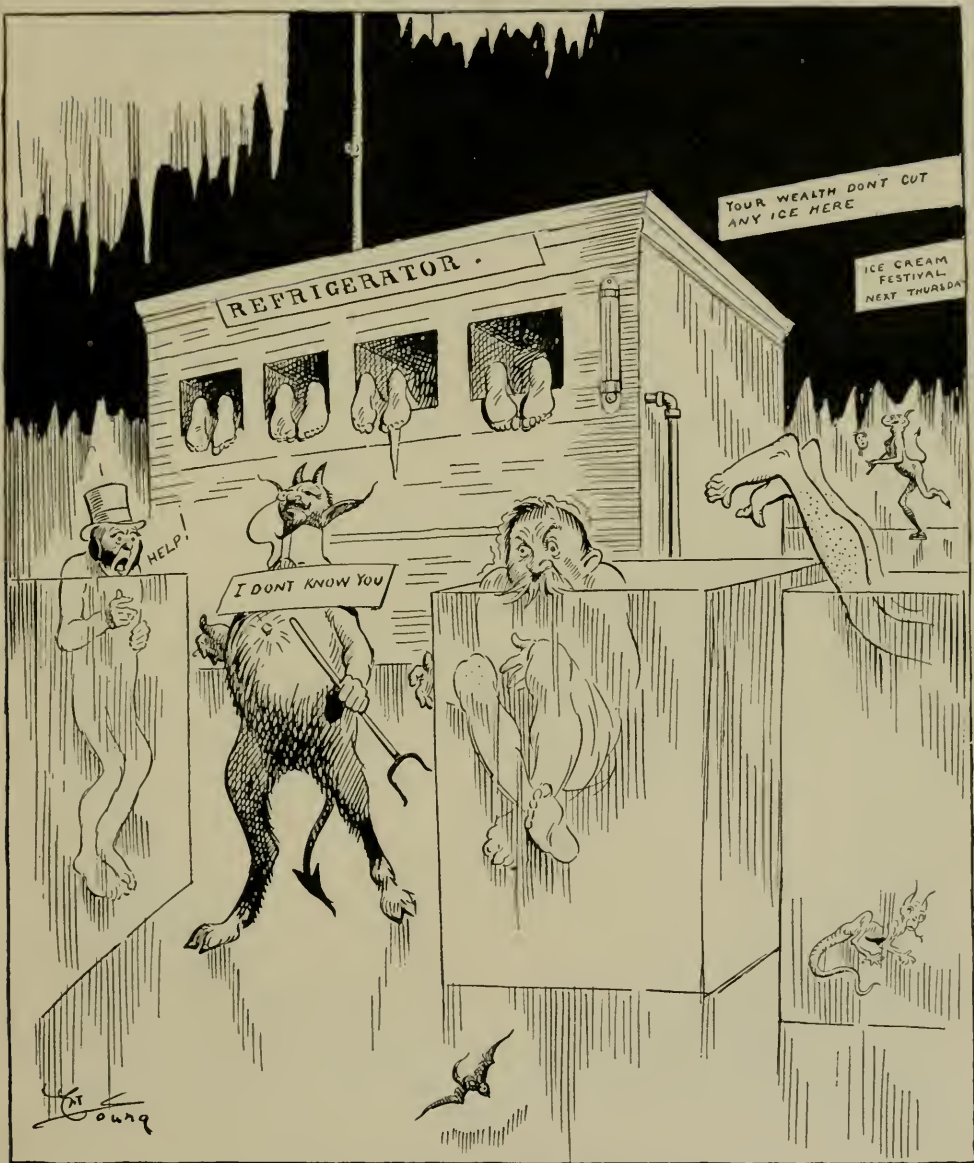
THOUGH the low moans of tormented souls disconcert him somewhat, Mr. Hunt courageously continues his journey.

The next district he explores is that one where the souls are frozen in cakes of ice. It is called the Cold-Storage Pit.

"People who warm up to us while we are successful, but turn cold in time of misfortune," are occupants of this region.

Mr. Hunt learns that this is the most densely crowded district in the whole Infernal Empire, and that it is being enlarged by three hundred acres to accommodate the many who unfortunately still roam the earth.





THE OVERCROWDED COLD-STORAGE PIT.

CANTO XLVII.

PASSING a cave the explorer hears the "rush and shriek of winter winds." On investigation he sees a nude soul tugging at a halter which fastens him to a post.

Mr. Hunt does not need to refer to his guide book in order to identify this victim. He had known the man on earth, as a farmer who used to leave his horses unblanketed in the winter storm, while he attended prayer meeting in a warm church.





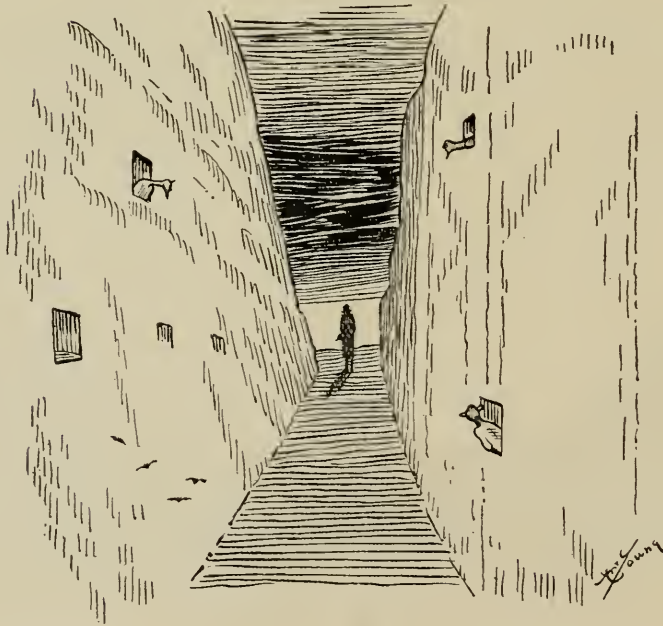
HE WOULDN'T BLANKET HIS HORSE.

CANTO XLVIII.

MR. HUNT takes an elevated train and gets off at a street called "Big Head Boulevard," a long deep defile in the rock where some of the conceited people of earth are made to take up their existence in cave-like shops and perform menial service for the Demons. Men who held important positions and became "puffed-up" are forced into the dignified occupation of driving tar-wagons for the "Good-Intention Street Pavement Co."

Here are the conceited men of the arts and letters—the "swelled heads" of the theatrical profession and the arrogant worshippers of ancestry.

The latter are hoof-trimmers.





THE CONCEIT TAKEN OUT OF THEM.

CANTO XLIX.

AFTER resting in the shadow of a huge bastion of rock, a Demon helps him climb the wall surrounding the compartment wherein the careless people are punished.

He sees a dentist he had known, a man who was just as sure to pull a tooth that didn't need pulling as the one that did—whose filling work invariably had to be done over by someone else.

Mr. Hunt asks him how he is enjoying himself, but receives no reply.





FATE OF A CARELESS DENTIST.

CANTO L.

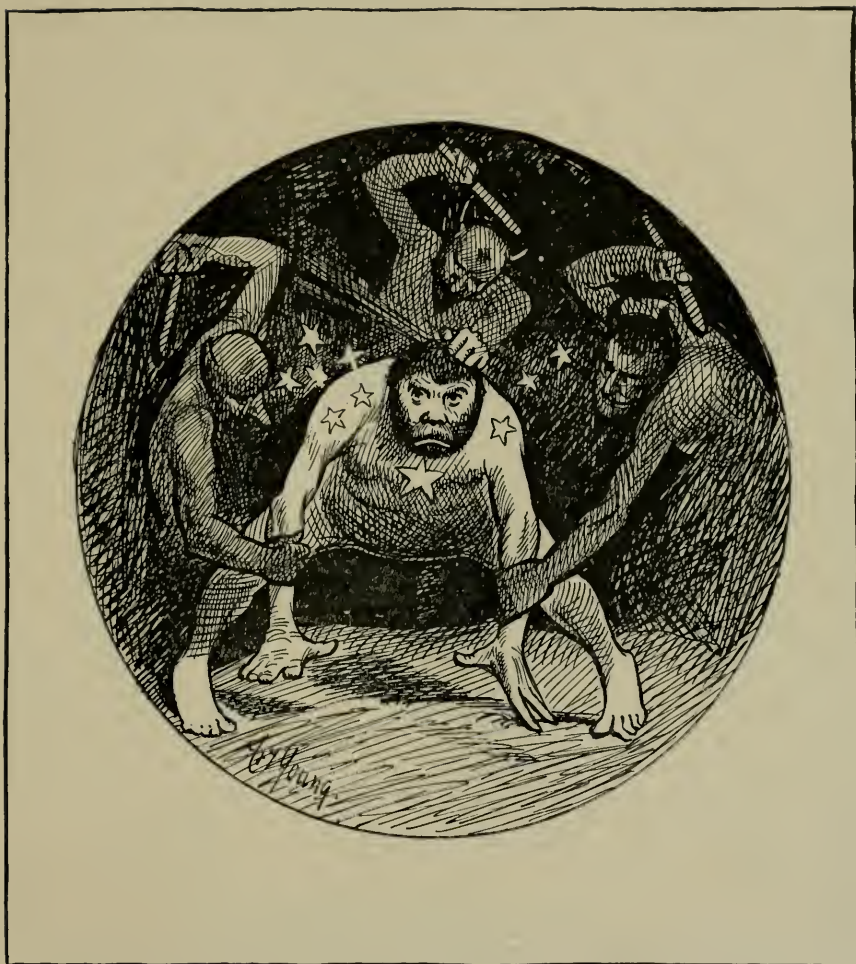
In this Canto the poet describes the punishment of policemen whose chief pleasure on earth was flaunting their authority and clubbing small boys.

He relates also his passage through the midst of that region where soulless monopolists are obliged to obey the anti-trust mandates of Infernal law. Seated in large frying-pans they bubble and hiss over never-dying fires.

With power of description worthy of Dante himself, he sees "one corpulent person flop in the pan, head down, as pop-corn jumps with the heat."



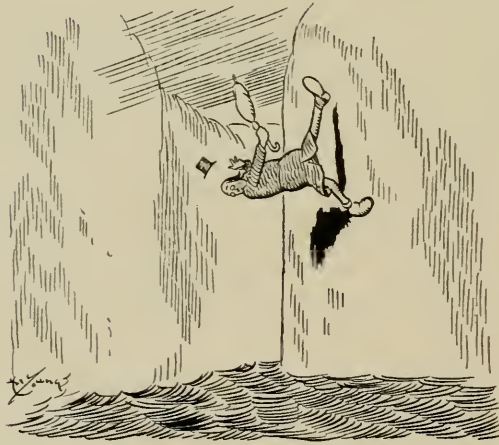
"RULE OR RUIN" MONOPOLISTS



HAVING FUN WITH A BRUTAL POLICEMAN.

CANTO LI.

WITH the example of Dante ever before him, Mr. Hunt determines to keep on, though the discomforts of travel grow and the scenes unnerve him. He is reflecting on these impediments when he comes upon a vast amphitheatre, where the tax-dodgers are punished.



TAKE A THROW
AT THE
TAX DODGERS
SEE THEM TRY TO DODGE.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY
YOU ARE HERE
LOOK AT THESE REASONS:—

IT IS WRONG FOR THE RICH
TO SHIFT THE BURDEN OF
TAXATION ON TO THE POOR.

PERJURY, CULTURED
OR UNCULTURED
IS WRONG

FROM "HELL LAWS"

IT IS WRONG TO "FIX IT"
WITH ASSESSORS.

IT IS WRONG TO DODGE
INHERITANCE TAX.

YOU DON'T DODGE ME!



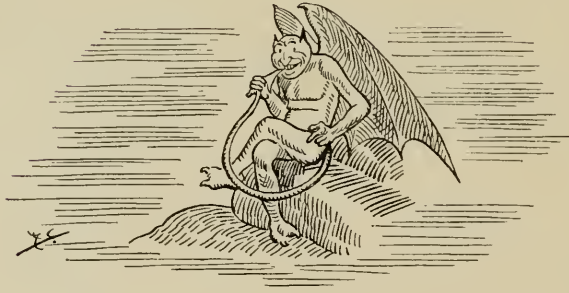
EXCITING SPORT.

CANTO LII.

With the aid of his field glass, the explorer inspects the 14th section.

Prowling about a rock-bound region he discerns afar off, strange cat-like animals that on inquiry he learns are the transformed souls of those who left their cats to starve while they betook themselves to the country for a season of pleasure.

Although overcome by hunger, every eatable thing evades them or is snatched away by little imps that skip gleefully about with squeaks of merriment.





THE PENALTY FOR CAT-STARVING.

CANTO LIII.

HIPRAH HUNT holds discourse with Beelzebub, who is general superintendent of the whole lower section of Hell.

He learns from this distinguished personage that Satan makes a tour of his region every month on a special train. From the platform of his private car he gives instructions to his employees.





SATAN ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION.

CANTO LIV.

MR. HUNT now discontinues his explorations for a while to become a guest of Satan at the Infernal Theatre.

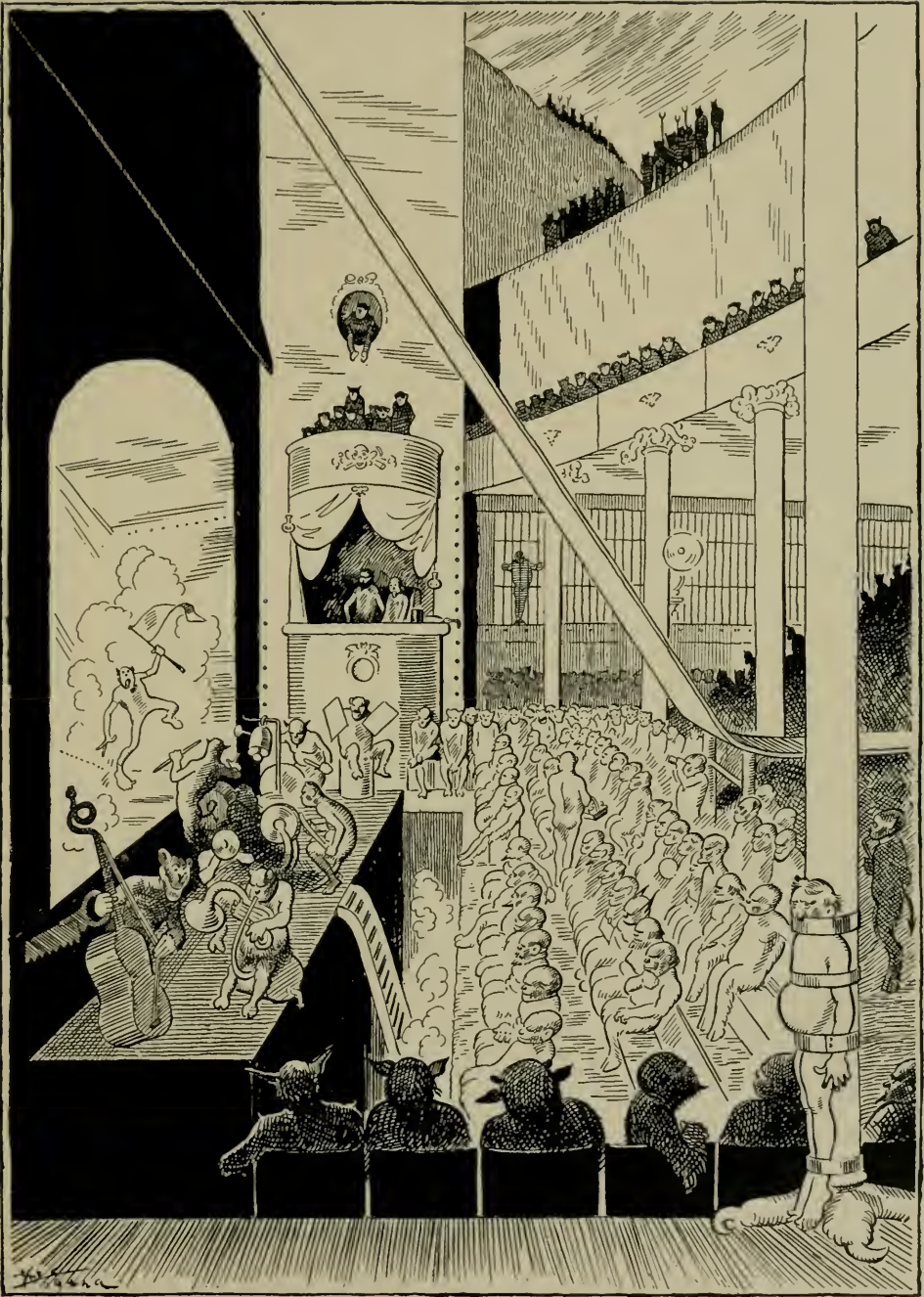
Satan and the explorer meet at the entrance, which is at the top of the house, and enter the royal box by a private elevator. Satan is received as usual on public occasions with the Infernal yell, "Zip! Zizz! Whee! who are we, give us a chance and you will see!"

The distinguished guest also comes in for a round of cheers and a wagging of tails, to which he responds with a bow.

Among other acts, Mr. Hunt witnesses the performance of a citizen of the United States who lacked patriotism and who is compelled to wave a flag and hurrah lustily in favor of America for fifty years.

He sees men bound to posts in the body of the theatre and others in cages at the sides. He learns that the former are those who on earth would disturb concert or theatre goers with incessant talking. The latter are the men who had the discourteous habit of going out between every act.



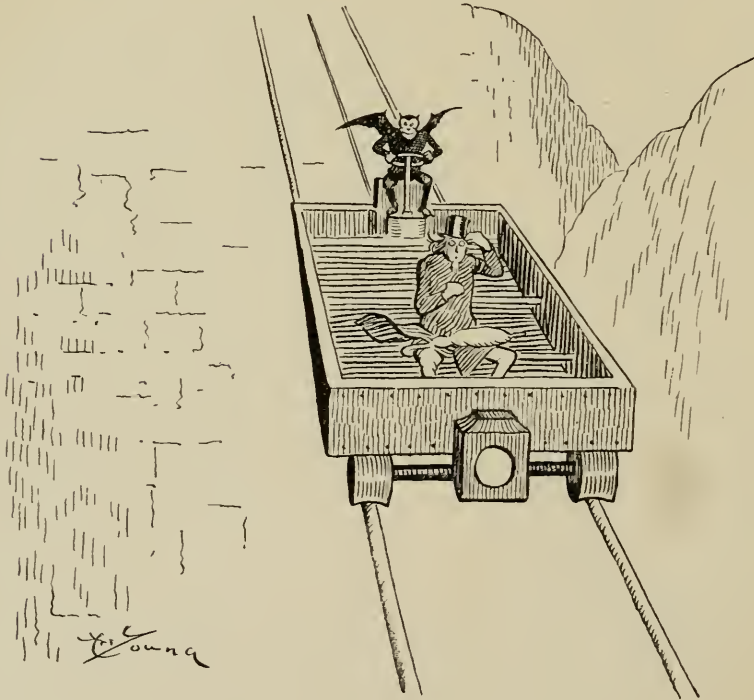


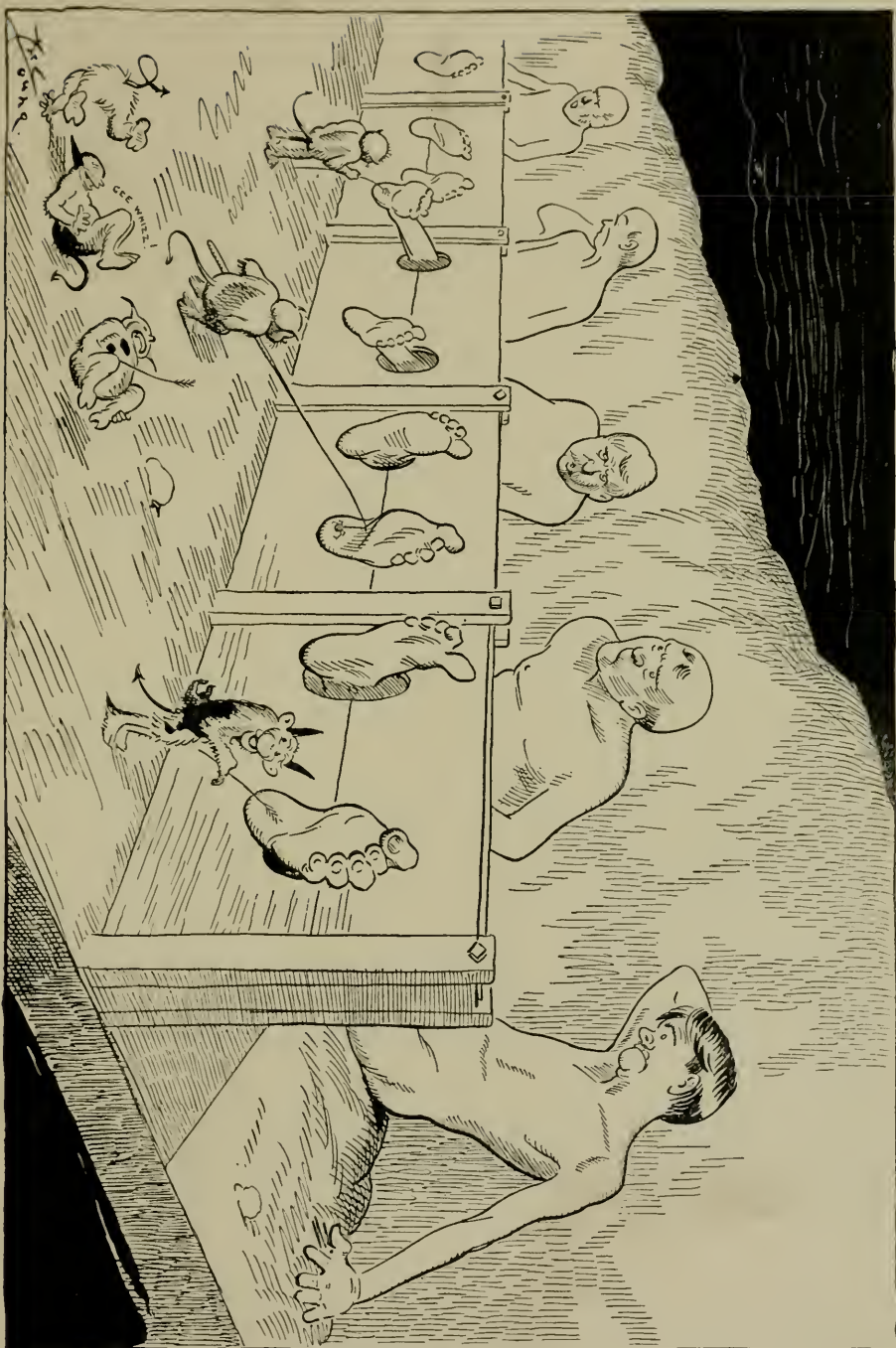
A HELL THEATRE.

CANTO LV.

AFTER the theatre Mr. Hunt thanks Satan for his hospitality and continues his journey. He takes an incline car and arrives at the department where flatterers are punished.

He studies the list of victims in his guide book. The most harmful kind, "those who attach themselves to a man the instant he makes a success in life and fill him with exaggerated notions of his greatness and importance," are seen in stocks, and their bare feet are being tickled by delighted imps. He watches this mirth-provoking devilment for a while and then proceeds.





THE PLATTERERS.

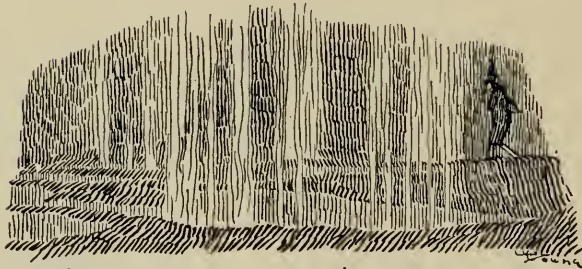
CANTO LVI.

PICKING his way down a deep ravine, with the shrill laughter of the tickling imps still in his ears, the course suddenly turns, and he finds himself shut off from all light and sound and groping in shadowy darkness.

Advancing cautiously, he comes to a wide expanse where the ground is split with yawning fissures from which issues smoke mingled with the sound of doleful voices.

"Let me out! I can't make myself heard! Haven't had my name in a newspaper for two hundred years! Help!"

These are the wails of the notoriety seekers.



The end of notoriety seekers



ARRIVAL OF A FOOT-BALL CHAMPION.

"What's the matter down here?"

"O, this fool fiend tackled that half-back and tried to rush him into the Lake of Fire."

CANTO LVII.

QUESTIONING an employee, Mr. Hunt learns that The Great Punisher employs five thousand overseers or district police captains.

Each is assigned to a district, over which he has full charge and about which he reports regularly to his Chief. No law-breakers are rich enough to purchase protection from the Infernal Police Force. In a lengthy prose description of the Police Department of Hell, Mr. Hunt expresses his belief that on the whole it is better conducted than such departments in many American cities.

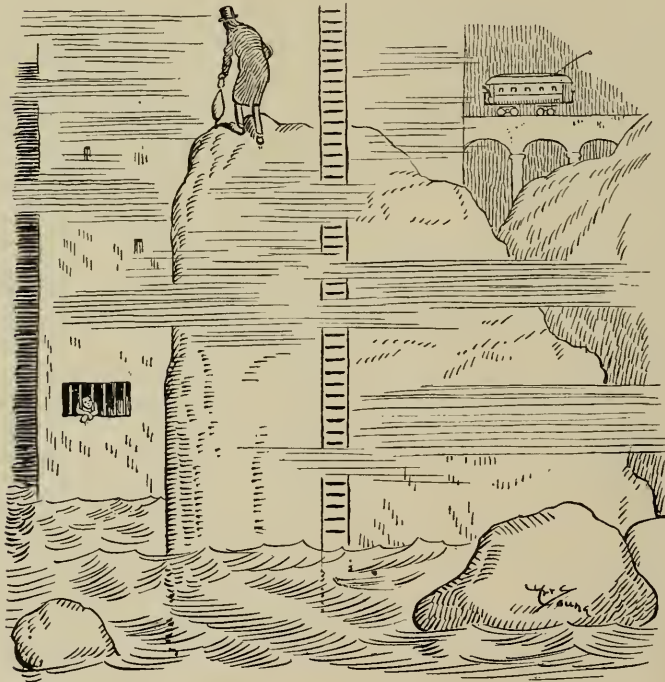




A CAPTAIN OF THE POLICE FORCE.

CANTO LVIII.

THE sewers of Hell are flushed with patent medicines. Such medicines as were sold on earth to enrich the inventor, but were of no benefit whatever to the patient. Wallowing in this stream of mysterious decoction the explorer sees the souls of quack doctors. To add to the punishment of gulping their own poison, unceasing showers of large pills descend, the doctors frantically beating the air in their endeavors to ward off the bitter storm.



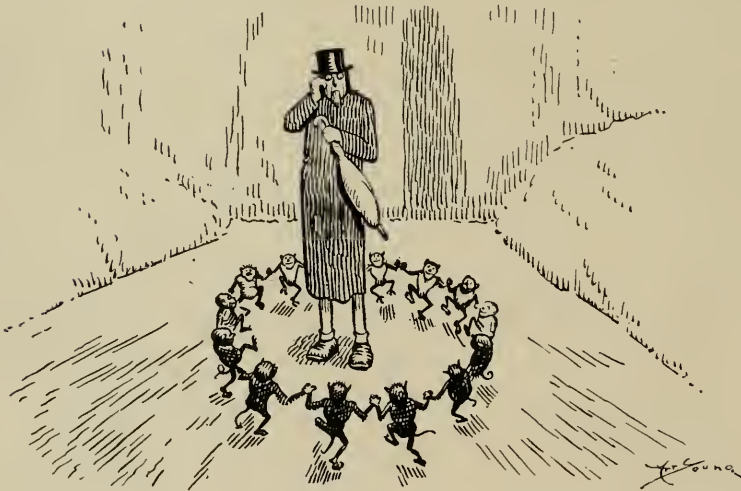


THE QUACK DOCTORS.

CANTO LIX.

WALKING along the embankment he turns up a steep gulch to the right, and down through the purple light sees the region where the profane are punished as befits their crime.

They are compelled to eat soap. Mr. Hunt learns that the worst type of profane man: He who swears regardless of the presence of ladies—won't even say "Oh pshaw!" after he has been forced to eat soap for a few years.





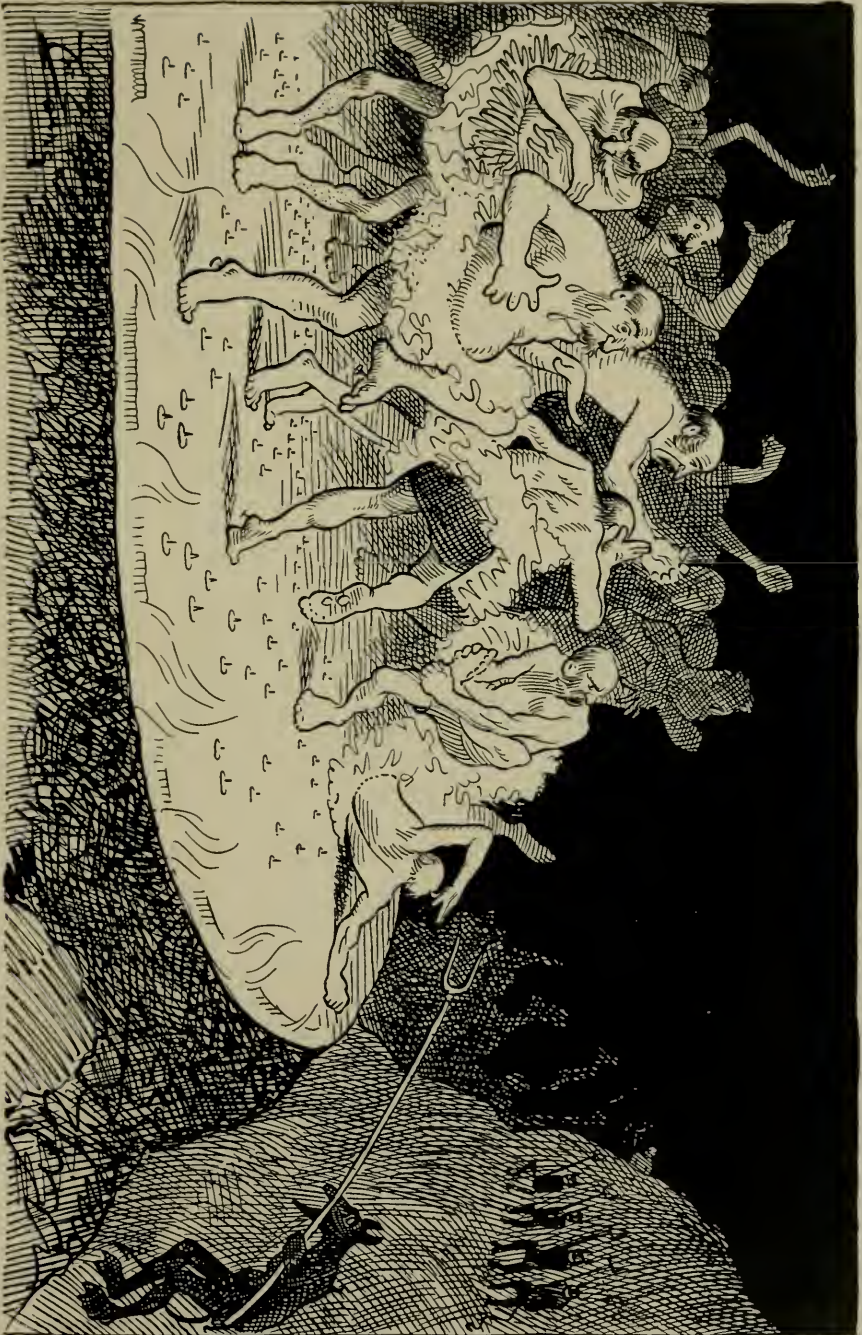
THE PUBLIC SPITTER.

CANTO LXI.

MR. HUNT now looks down on a spacious valley in the center of which there stands a large stage.

On this stage he sees a throng of weary looking souls dancing on tacks. These are the men who, though married and old enough to know better, were wont to secretly haunt the theatre and lavish affection, flowers and wine suppers on chorus girls.





A LIVELY DANCE.

CANTO LXII.

THE explorer is now in the lowest depths.

From a precipice of crimson rock he beholds the punishment of "bunco steerers." He sees a howling group of souls huddled on the summit of a hill, from top to bottom of which is constructed a toboggan slide of sand-paper. As they stand cringing in fright, a Demon policeman yells: "Next!" and the foremost shuffles to the front and is given a shove that sends him whirling, yelling and rasping down the incline at a fearful speed. Arriving at the bottom he is immediately driven back and forced to repeat the act. Thus the performance continues throughout the centuries.

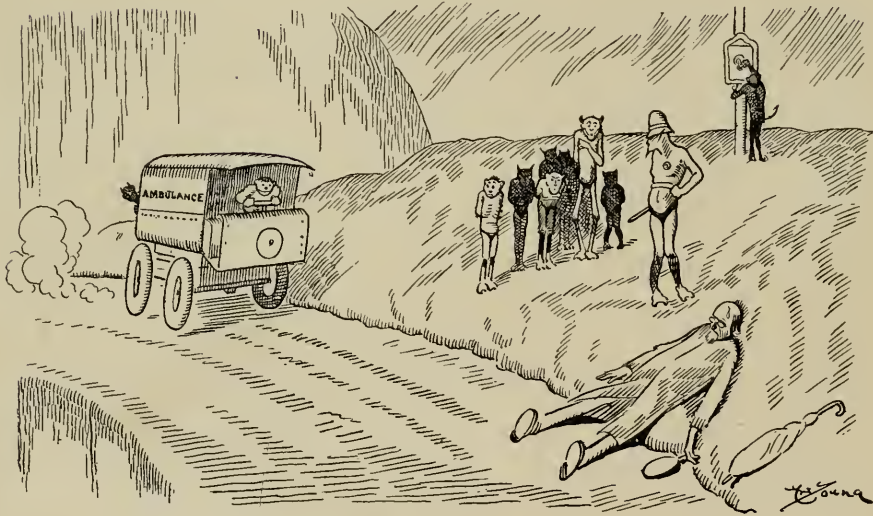


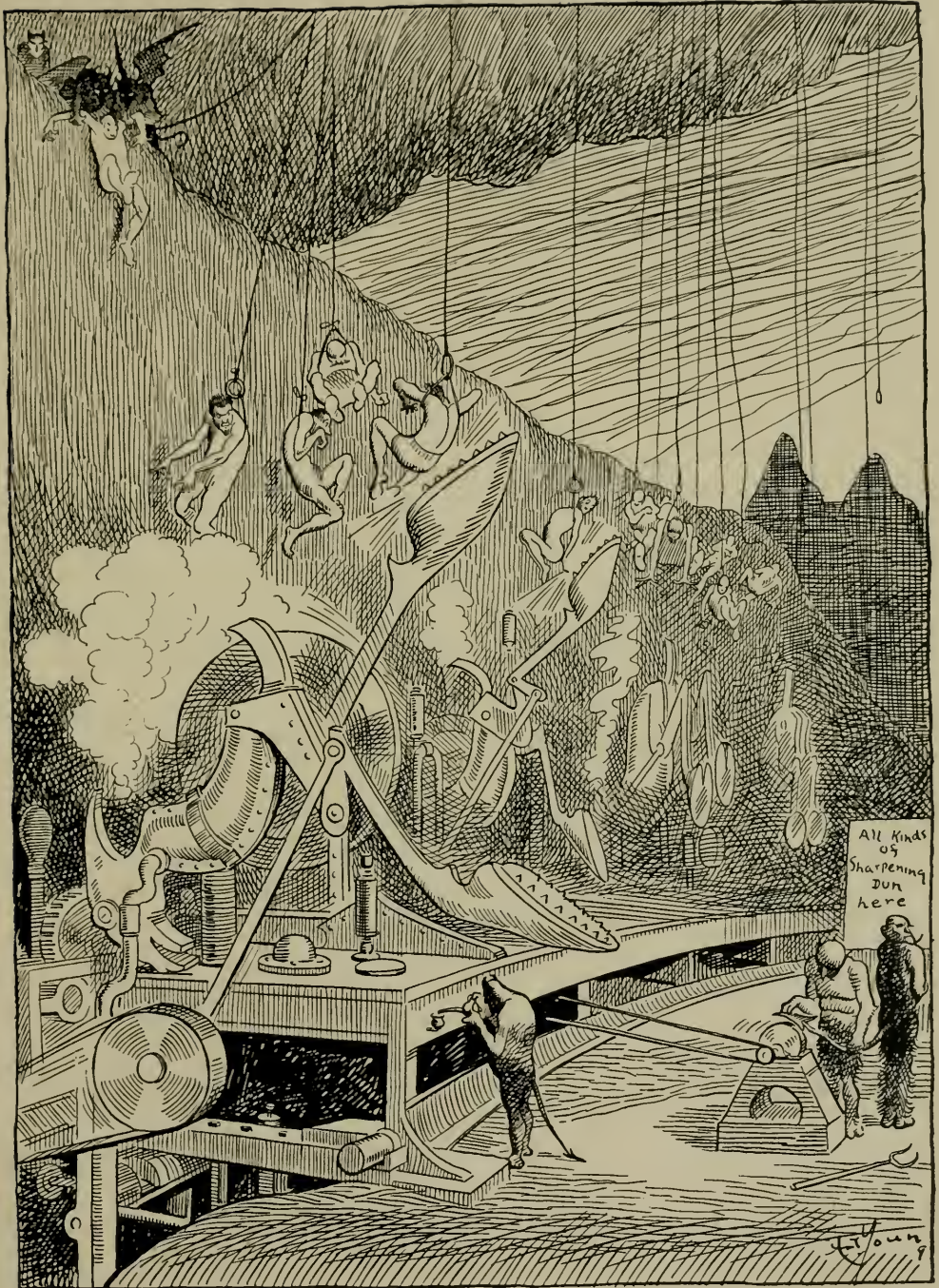


SHOOTING THE INFERNAL SHUTE.

CANTO LXIII.

AFTER inspecting the kicking-machines in the department where "chronic grumblers" are punished Hiprah Hunt is overcome by the heat. He now concludes that he will not explore further.





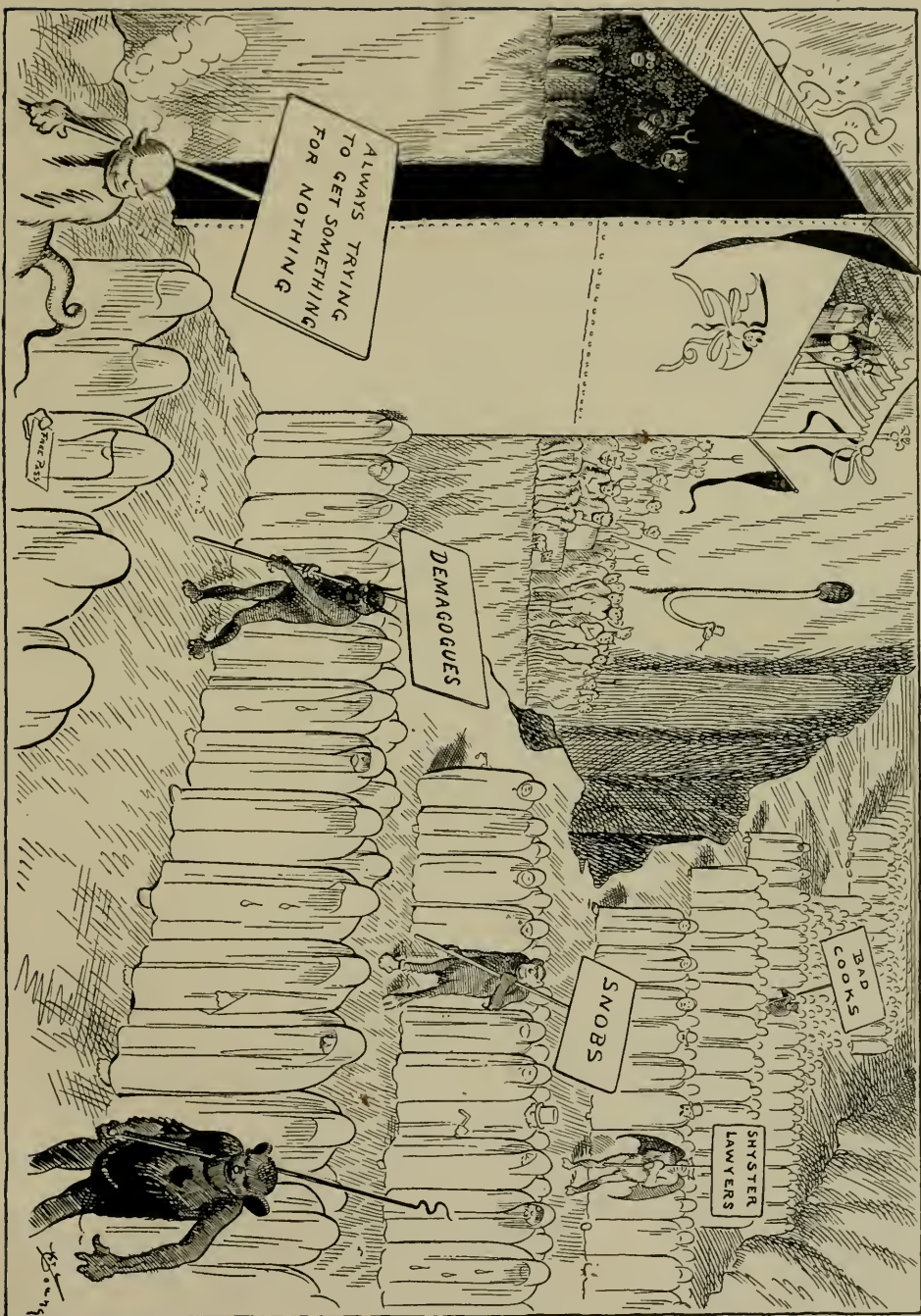
FOR CHRONIC GRUMBLERS.

CANTO LXIV.

ON recovering strength enough to enable him to make his way to an Incline Station, Mr Hunt returns to Satan's office to express his thanks for the privilege of being permitted to explore and inspect his vast domain.

The Arch-Fiend receives him courteously and tells him that he is much interested in the result of his labors, assuring him that he is appreciative of his desire to offset the tendency of modern thinkers to dispense entirely with future punishment. He prevails on Mr. Hunt to remain in the region till after the Annual Parade of Sinners. Mr. Hunt agrees to do so—and accepts the Chief's invitation to be his guest while he reviews the procession.





THE ANNUAL PARADE.

CANTO LXV.

AFTER the annual parade Hiprah Hunt is given a farewell banquet at Satan's palace on the Styx.

As guest of honor he sits at one end of a long table and Satan sits at the other. He describes the magnificence of the scene and his meeting with the members of the Hell Common Council.

Charming women from the female department wait on the table.

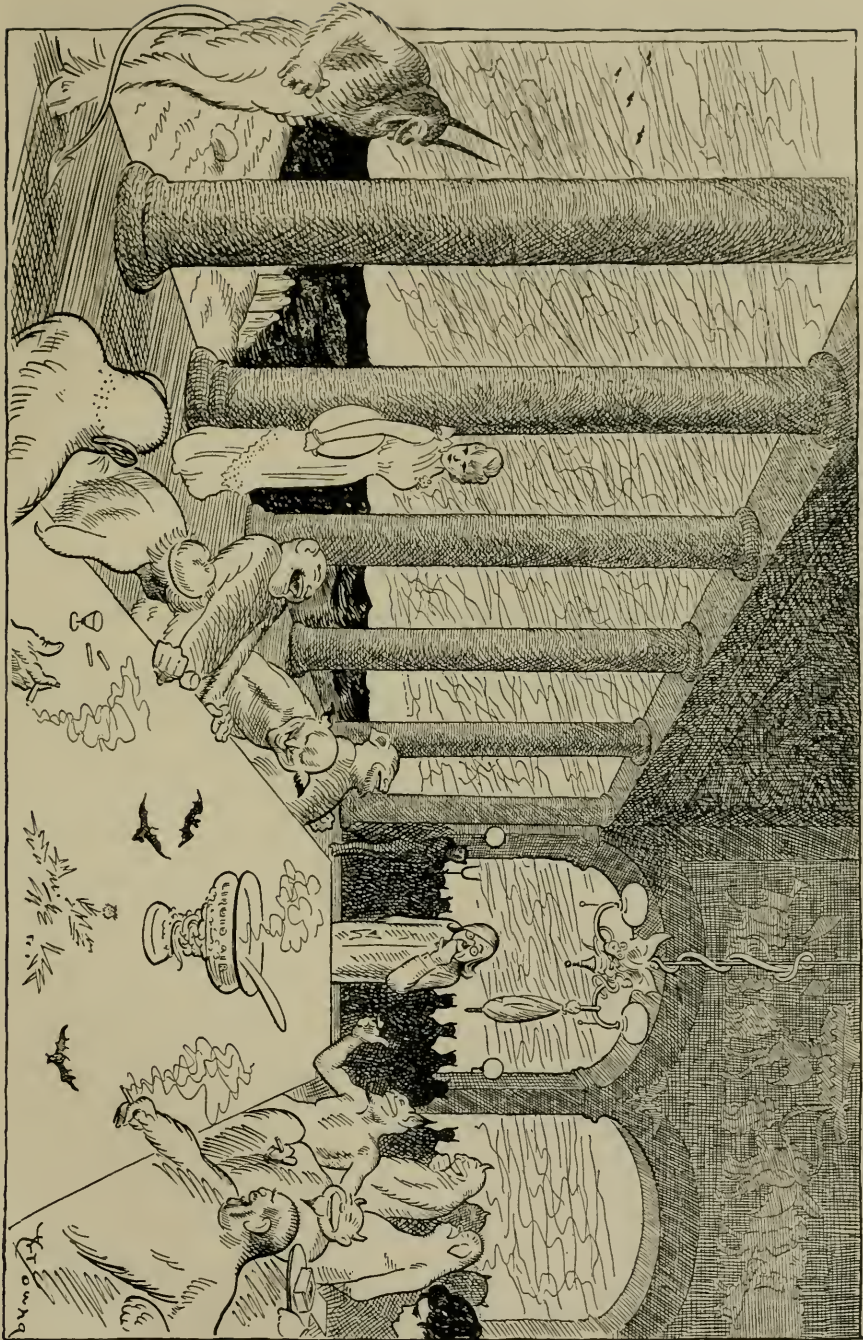
When in response to a toast Mr. Hunt tells the Demons that a great majority of the civilized world think Hell only a bugaboo dream, they are convulsed with laughter.

The banquet over, Hiprah Hunt bids farewell to Satan and his colleagues. The Arch-Fiend asks him to come again, and Mr. Hunt promises to do so if he recovers from the exploration just ended.

Taking an ascending car back to the American entrance he climbs out into the upper world, through the same wild forest he had passed six weeks before. Under a star-lit sky he makes his way home with proofs that Hell really is; that Dante was right, and that Hiprah Hunt is his legitimate successor.

In conclusion, Mr. Hunt adds the following verse, the wisdom of which no reader will deny who has followed the explorer's journey below, or better still followed his own life, noting the penalties that resulted from folly and disobedience of laws of right living here on earth:

"Good people all, who deal with the Devil,
Be warned now by what I say!
His credit's long, and his tongue is civil,
But you'll have the Devil to pay."



THE FAREWELL BANQUET IN HONOR OF HIPRAH HUNT.

Special

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